

SWEABORG.

(AFTER THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

(See the speech of Sir Charles Napier, on Tuesday night, at the Mansion-House.)

Or Charley and the North
Sing the wonder of the town!
Since from Pall-mall he went forth
Just to batter Cronstadt down.
It was ten, of St. Martin's, by the chime,
When gay Pam, with glass in hand,
"Peace or war," declared to stand
Just as Charley should command
For the time!

For its victories, the year
All preceding should eclipse,
Spake the claret-gifted seer,
Then he talked of "lams" and ships,
And he boasted his Whig Admirals the twain.
On the youth of seventy's face
It was pleasant there to trace
Warlike fire and mocking grace
Writ so plain.

Again! Again! Again!
And the bouncing did not slack
(More ere Charley reached the main
Than for Nelson coming back!)
Till the cheers throughout the room husky rise.
They have ceased; and home they reel,
And the telegraphs reveal
That "the fleet has got to Kiel,"
Where it lies.

Came the mighty news each day
How Old Charley walked the deck,
How to pilots he did say
To advance and to come back;
And the papers even hinted that he swore.
Till at length arose a cry
That he'd put his cruising by
And be good enough to try
Something more.

Out spoke Sir Jemmy then
By "electric" o'er the deep:
"Now, by Jove, we're ruined men
If you can't wake out of sleep!
Take an island, or a fortress, or a town,
Be the triumph great or small,
Let us hear of something's "fall,"
Or we'll founder, one and all,
And go down!"

Then the hero, cursing deep,
To the Admiralty said,
Their advice they had better keep,
For his chance was fairly sped.
He but hoped to "save the fleet" in its need,
So to Bomarsund he flew;

Down in clouds "the rubble" blew,
And the French took thousands two
Home to feed.

Then "the lambs" their work all done,
Fighting Charley turned around,
And he brought his ships each one
With their timbers safe and sound.
But not to the Reform Club hurried he,
But "complained to the Lord Mayor"
Of Sir James's tricks unfair—
And for once with Charley there
We agree!

The Press.

MOTHER, CAN THIS THE GLORY BE?—
DUET.

First Voice.

MOTHER, can this the glory be, of which men
proudly tell,
When speaking of the fearless ones who in the
battle fell?
Where is the light that cheered our home, its
sunshine and its joy;
Ours was, they say, the victory—but, mother,
where's thy boy?

Second Voice.

My boy! I see him in my dreams—I hear his
battle cry,
I know his brave and loyal heart—he does not
fear to die.
E'en now methinks I see him still his country's
banner wave!
On—on! and win a deathless fame, my beauti-
ful, my brave.

Both.

God of the battle, shield him still, and yet Thy
will be done.
A sister for a brother prays, a mother for her son;
We seek to share no glory now—we ask Thee
but to save
The noble hearts of England, our beautiful and
brave.

First Voice.

Mother! I know thy courage well—thine is an
ancient race,
Yet while thy heart so proudly swells, a tear
steals down thy face;
E'en now thou guess the fearful truth—still, still
our banners wave,
But on that dreadful battle field where sleeps
thy young and brave?

Second Voice.

Yes—yes, I knew it must be so—I told not all
my dream,

I saw my gallant boy ride forth, where crimson
flowed the stream ;
I hear the shouts of victory—cease, cease those
sounds of joy,
They cannot glad a mother's heart, nor give me
back my boy !

Both.

God of the battle, hear us now, and yet thy will
be done,
A sister for a brother mourns, a mother for her
son ;
We cannot share the glory now—but ask thee
still to save
The noble hearts of England, the beautiful and
brave !

J. E. Carpenter.

QU'EST CE QUE NOUS Y AVONS GAGNE ?

A story I've heard ('t is an old French Joe,
It happened, I fancy, long ago,
When the pit was the place for the swells to go)
Of a gent who, between two acts of the play,
Rose up to stretch his legs and survey
If he could n't discover some coryphe,
Behind the proscenium, so pretty and gay,
Who with her sly ogles might wile away
The dreary *quar' d'heure* that must needs be done
Ere the actors resumed their pathos or fun ;
But he'd hardly been gazing a minute or so
When a cry was heard : " Il nous tourne le dos ! "
Heavens ! the din that was then set up ! —
One yelled and snarled like an angry pup,
Another siffled, another swore,
Till the row about him was getting a bore.
Our friend turned round with a ghastly grin
On a face as ugly, — as ugly as sin,
And, as he showed them his hideous phiz,
He gravely said, with a pleasant quiz :
" Vous voulez la figure et non le dos,
Qu'est ce que vous y gagnez ! ma foi, pas trop ! "

We think this is very much the case
With the change that has lately taken place : —
The Peelite Rump we did n't approve,
And we did n't rest till we got it to move,
But the front that is turned to our gaze in lieu
Has so little that's pleasing to the view,
That we can't help quoting the Frenchman's mot,
" Qu'y avons nous gagné ? ma foi, pas trop ! "
The Press.

TWO EPITAPHS.

(AFTER " RETALIATION.")

Here lies Aberdeen, whom a wild freak of fate
Pitched from ruling the Kirk to confusing the
State.
With the heart of a Satrap, the head of a nurse,
He had just enough genius the Bad to make
Worse ;
For the acts of a Statesman mistook each poor
shift.
After "drifting to war," sent our armies adrift.
Too dull and too vain a mistake to recal,

Our foes hailed his rise as the dawn of our fall ;
For " destruction which follows on madness,"
they said,
Must await the doomed nation that choose such
a head.

Two years of unfortunate bungling revealed
He could fight in the Council if not in the field.
When he suddenly turned, and in terror went out,
When the Commons but asked what he had been
about,
And betook him to guide the Kirk session in
peace,
For the Court and the Country " a happy re-
lease."

Here, in grim desperation, his last venture done,
In the midst of his victims reposes Lord John ;
None so daring as he an exploit to begin,
Or so rapid to quit it when once fairly in —
A mixture most subtle of courage and fear —
Still snatching the rudder though fearful to steer ;
Mistaking ill-temper for wit in debate,
And placemen's hack-phrases for maxims of
State.

As " sincere, but mistaken in judgment," he
passed,
But ill-company shattered his good name at last.
The most paradoxical his of all ends —
First his friends to set up and then upset his
friends !

The Press.

SCUTARI.

AMID the clouds of grief and wrath
That o'er the heart of England brood,
One, bright star holds its blessed path,
Unswerving, unsubdued.

A steady radiance, breathing balm
To throbbing limb, and wand'ring brain ;
Investing death with hallowed calm,
Taking the sting from pain.

Through miles of pallets, thickly laid
With sickness in its foulest guise,
And pain in forms to have dismayed
Man's science-hardened eyes,

A woman, fragile, pale, and tall,
Upon her saintly work doth move.
Fair or not fair, who knows ? But all
Follow her face with love.

Lady—thy very name so sweet,
Speaks of full songs through darkness
heard,
And fancy findeth likeness meet
Between thee and the bird,

Whose music cheers the gloomy wold,
As thy low voice the anguish dim,
That through these sad rooms lieth cold
On brain, and heart, and limb.

God guard thee, noble woman ! still
Wear the saint's glory round thy brow,
Let bigots call thee as they will,
What Christ preached, dost thou.

[Punch.]

From the *North American.*

AMERICAN VIEWS OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

BEFORE the difficulties in the way of the capture of Cronstadt and Sebastopol had been brought home, in their present calamitous aspect, to the public mind of Great Britain and France, at a time when their statesmen were yet indulging in the bright dream of razing the latter and destroying the Russian fleet of the Black Sea, with the prospects of reigning supreme on the waters of the Euxine, an English Minister, in insular self complacency, and Louis Napoleon, in recollections of the military glories of France, proclaimed, elated with anticipation of certain success, to the astonished world their ambitious design of regulating the destinies of "either hemisphere. And though, as yet, they have been deceived in their expectations of triumph, the coalition of these two mighty maritime powers remains nevertheless a menacing reality, well deserving of the vigilance and attention of the people of the United States, and of the serious reflection of our statesmen. General Cass, in alluding, in his recent speech, to the various pretexts under which the allied powers opened the war against Russia, exclaimed: "I do not believe one word of all this." We fully concur in his disbelief, and are convinced, with him, that "England and France are fighting their own battles, each for its own purposes."

If facts, as they already have occurred—amongst others, the evident purpose of the preliminary four points, totally subversive of the Sultan's sovereignty, and designed to establish, as far as possible, their own authority in his dominions—did not prove the assertion, a retrospect of the history of England and France could not, for a moment, allow a doubt to the contrary, to cloud the judgment of the people of America. The past history of France and England contains the revelation, and prognosticates the future lot of Turkey, should their endeavors be crowned with success. Algeria and the British East Indies present the solution of the momentous question. The London Times of the 8th of February, in a correspondence from Constantinople, significantly hints a plan in reference to Turkey, the boldness of which could only be equalled by its glaring perfidy. The purport of the whole article appears to be calculated to broach nothing short of the colonization of the Turkish dominions, by England and France, and to stretch forth a feeler in order to ascertain public sentiment respecting the subject.

The correspondent of the *Times* opens the matter with the annunciation of a fact upon which no reflecting mind could have entertained a shadow of doubt. "The four em-

pires," he says, "which now stand banded against Nicholas have all their separate interests and aims, and though each people desires peace, each has its views fixed on a different career in the new age which is to succeed the settlement of the Eastern question." He admits frankly that the Turks already entertain most serious apprehensions, and that, of all the nations, they are most anxious to end the war; not that they expect advantages from peace, "but from a consciousness that their state becomes worse every day, and that, whoever may gain from the continuance of hostilities, they themselves can only suffer." The following passage is somewhat calculated to throw a ray of light upon the "noble conduct" and "disinterested motives" of the Allies:—"Every day that sees the strife continue and the capital of the Ottomans occupied by newly arriving forces, witnesses also the weakening of the independent action of the Porte, and the substitution for it of the will of the Allies. It is necessary for the safety of Europe and the final settlement of this question that the influence of the West should continue to increase. The time has not come for an abandonment of the position gained by so many sacrifices. In this lies the chief cause of difference with the ally whom we protect."

Further, we are informed that the Turks are utterly discouraged as to the result of the present occupation, that they wish to see the close of it at any price, and that ever since the struggle before Sebastopol, the Russian party, to whom some of the wealthier Pashas belong, has gained considerably.—The correspondent candidly confesses that this party considers it most prudent to lean on Muscovite protection, in the confident hope that the Czar would preserve their present system of government. He regrets as an unfortunate circumstance that England and France have not even tried to conciliate any of the races which inhabit the land; that, on the contrary, they have been ill-used, ridiculed and beaten in a manner that has created the most bitter feeling among high and low in Stamboul; that in consequence no good will is borne to the Allies, which—the correspondent remarks—is another reason why "we should materially humble the enemy, (the Russians,) and place our influence on a strong basis." "The capture of Sebastopol is likely to give us that influence in the East, without which the war has been waged in vain." In other words, the capture of Sebastopol, according to the correspondent of the *Times*, is necessary and indispensable to the Allies for the purpose of subjugating, not the Russians alone, but the Turks also. The sum and substance is, that the Allies are determined to make the most of their position.—

They occupy Turkey, and do not intend to leave it. They must defeat the Russians, not to re-establish the sovereignty of the Sultan and the independence of Turkey—no—but for the sole purpose of being, after a victory over Russia, enabled to turn their treacherous weapons against Turkey itself. The moral of the story is founded on the principle of “*Beati possidentes*”—or, in plain English, “possession is nine points of the law.” Thus much for the “disinterested and noble motives” of the Western powers, “the representatives of civilization,” the “protectors of the weaker against the stronger,” the “champions of liberal principles!” The Turks must be imbued by this time to their heart’s content with the superiority of Christian morals and civilization!

Now follows an interesting paragraph which palpably broaches the subject of colonization of the Turkish empire by the allies.

Every one who looks forward to the future of this Empire, and who is impressed with the conviction that the war with Russia is only a secondary matter compared with the establishment of a solid and prosperous social state within the limits of the Ottoman dominions, must feel anxiety when he sees the whole question of political and material reform forgotten in the excitement of a war-like struggle. Still deeper must be that feeling when he is persuaded that little is to be expected from the action of the existing government, even when urged on by the arguments or threats of European representatives. Perhaps even deeper than political reforms lie the benefits to be received from a proper use of the material wealth of the country. Although in the present collapse of the national resources no enterprise can expect assistance from the public wealth, yet it is a question whether some inquiry might not take place as to the material wants of the country and the latent riches which it is so well known to possess. Probably no subject will interest Englishmen so much after this struggle is over as the capabilities of these regions for settlement and the investment of capital. On all these subjects little or nothing is known. The travellers who have visited the East have been generally among the shallowest of their class, and their books only show how far a man may go without observing anything worthy to be recollect. Such volumes as “*The Cab and the Caique*” and “*From Turnham-Green to Tophaneh*,” seldom contain anything that will repay the trouble of cutting the leaves. The soil, mineral wealth, healthiness, and commercial advantages of various districts in Roumelia and Asia; the capacities of the population, their readiness to *fraternize with and work for strangers*; the tenure of land and the obstacles to its acquisition or demise, are all subjects of the greatest importance for the future; and yet we know hardly anything of them. The use of agricultural and commercial statistics is recognized in a country of so much education and publicity as England; much more is some information necessary to guide the settler or capitalist in a new land and among a new people. That

any real knowledge can be obtained by the machinery of Pashas and Councils can be believed by no one acquainted with the East. If we wish to learn something of the country we must have recourse to European observation. Among the consuls of England and France are to be found men long acquainted with the several districts of the empire, and of capacity to judge clearly, and give trustworthy opinions on almost every point. The internal state of the empire has now become of such consequence that it would be no waste of intellectual labor to employ some of the ablest men of civilized Europe to examine into and report upon the information received from every quarter, or even to send such men to make a personal inspection and survey of these rich provinces and their various populations. It is by the use of such means that we have tranquilized India and developed its prosperity; without it we can have no idea of the secret causes of discontent and disaffection, of the reason why regions the most fertile are untilled and unproductive; nor without such an examination can we hope that the hardy British and German races will ever choose the East as the field of a new colonization, or that a real barrier will ever be built against the designs of a Power which has raised its power on the decay of its neighbors. Unhappily there is more than ever a necessity for such an infusion of new vigor. As every success must have its drawbacks, so it has been an unfortunate result of the present war that the growing prosperity of the Eastern population has been blighted and rooted up.

The correspondence concludes with the following remark: —

It is to be hoped that, with the close of the war returning prosperity may visit this unhappy land; but it cannot be doubted that its chief hope of salvation lies in the spirit and *enterprise of the Western nations*. If we act with energy and determination, we may direct the future of the empire for many years to come. The chief practical result of this war will probably be that France and England will have established a just claim to a vigorous interference in the East, and if they use their right with proper resolution, they will not have fought in vain.

Another letter, dated Constantinople, Jan. 29th, from the same correspondent, if we may judge from its evident bearing upon the subject broached in the foregoing, dilates, after a prelude intended to disguise as much as possible its real aim and purport, with apparent unconcernedness, upon the subject of African slavery in Turkey. The Africans, it says, are not cruelly treated when once in Turkey; but the overland route, which they have to take to reach the point of their destination, is full of terrors, and the desert is represented to the horrified mind of the reader as actually whitened with the bones of the poor creatures; and although the Sultan had suppressed the trade and was enforcing the law directed against it, some might still be brought in by

stealth, upon which apprehension, of course, the necessity of keeping a watchful eye on the matter is recommended. The game is too old not to be understood instantly. Really, a subject backed by so much philanthropy, may prove useful and furnish a convenient pretext for the occupation of Eastern ports by British vessels and British surveillance in Asia Minor and Egypt. When the mellow and tender heart of the Briton begins to overflow with philanthropic emotions, and he points out the course of his sympathies, we may safely look into the opposite direction for the discovery of the real aim of his charitable endeavors. Thus the *Times* contemplates for Great Britain another "East India"—another accession to her immeasurable encroachments. But what becomes, we may ask, of that "balance of power," for which the Allies wage this bloody war?

The fact is, that this "balance" is nothing else than a phantom—a hallucination—a political hoax! When Napoleon I. spoke of the "balance of power," he meant, and could mean nothing else, than his own supremacy on land—on the continent of Europe, where he dictated the destinies of empires. When England speaks of it, she means nothing but her supremacy on the seas. When Napoleon, by his continental policy, tried to counterpoise the supremacy of England, in order to restore a kind of equilibrium, England drenched the whole of Europe with blood—she was at the bottom of almost all the wars of that period. When the formidable coalition of England and France at present tell us that they wage war against Russia for the maintenance of the balance of power, they mean nothing else than that they will prevent Russia from reaching the Mediterranean, as such an event might form, at some future day, a counterpoise against their present world-menacing supremacy.

The scheme, as broached here by the "*Times*," is indeed entirely consonant to, and in conformity with, the aggressive practice and policy of the government of Great Britain. It is the more likely that efforts will be made to accomplish such an object, as a colonization in Asia Minor, Egypt, and Turkey, would prove a barrier against Russian advance towards the British East Indies—so seriously apprehended by England. The greatest difficulty in the way of success would lie, however, in the agreement upon satisfactory terms with France and Austria. The colonization of European Turkey, Asia Minor, and Egypt by England and France, would necessarily produce changes of prodigious magnitude in the present conditions of the commercial and political world. The flags of England and France would gain, with this uncontested supremacy in the Mediterranean, such an immense ascendancy over all the rest of the

maritime powers, as would set at nought every resistance to their cherished plan of extending their influence East and West, encircling the whole globe, and regulating the destinies of "either hemisphere." After the capture of Sebastopol and the destruction of the Russian fleet—without which the plan would be utterly impossible—serious apprehension might be entertained of the formidable coalitions of England and France. The pressure of such a ponderous weight all in one scale might make itself felt in the relations of this country to the West India Islands and Japan in a way to involve us in the calamity of repulsion by force of arms. If, hereafter, Spain should deem it her interest to agree with us, upon terms satisfactory to both parties, in reference to Cuba, these powers might interpose their veto. England, with breathless uneasiness, has watched all the movements of political and commercial progress in the United States. She has followed us, with insolent interference, to Mexico, Japan, Cuba, the Sandwich Islands, etc. And now she combines her power with that of France—thus adding another weight to the scale which already inclined all on her side.

The plan of a colonization of the Turkish dominions would necessarily produce a great change in the commercial and political relations of the world. England and France both have had their eyes fixed, for a long time, upon Egypt. To England it is of immense importance for the protection of her East India possessions. She has already, silently and stealthily, approached the fertile regions of the Nile with her capital. She has taken preparatory steps in order to raise, at a favorable moment, the rod of the taskmaster over the wretched population that dwell near its banks. England considers herself entitled, as a matter of course, to the raw material of the whole world—men not excluded. Nations are only made to supply her demands. Her selfishness is so unbounded that it would draw the universe into the vortex of her numberless spinning-wheels.

Asia Minor, Egypt, and European Turkey have a climate and soil most propitious for all the productions of the Southern States of this Union. The soil is among the most fertile of the world. It is adapted to tobacco, rice, cotton, corn, oats, etc. The cultivation of these articles at present is not carried on on a large scale, for want of capital, and on account of the indolence of the people. The United States now command the cotton market of Europe, principally on account of our greater proximity to that market than the British East Indies. A colonization in the Turkish Empire, however, would offer to England immense advantages. The distance would be considerably less; and, moreover, the innumerable points favorable for coal depots would admit of a very extensive steam navigation, particularly of screw steamers.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AHASUERUS, THE EVER-LIVING JEW.

FROM THE DANISH OF F. PALUDAN-MULLER.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

IT is no wonder that the subject of the Wandering Jew should be so much liked by that class of authors who devote themselves to works of the imagination, for it is perhaps the most sublime fiction that the mind of man ever created. In the graceful fables of antiquity we read of eternal youth being bestowed by the gods on mortals as a precious boon, and in the fantastic legends of fairy lore, as the brightest of magic gifts; but in this solitary tradition, to live on for ages was not accorded as a blessing or a reward, but imposed as a punishment and a curse. Bending under the weight of centuries, not renewing his youth, and revelling over and over again amidst the passions and pleasures of that period of life, the Wandering Jew was doomed to outlive his family, his friends, his race; to see generation after generation sink into the tomb, empires rise and fall, mankind pass from transition to transition, yet ever to remain a lonely wanderer over the face of the earth.

This extraordinary legend is supposed to have been first disseminated about the beginning of the fourth century; it may possibly have owed its origin to the gloomy fancy of monkish superstition, but with whomsoever it originated, it was a grand and striking idea.—According to the story, as it prevails in the East, the Jew is called Joseph—is said to have become a Christian about the time that St. Paul was baptized—and to reside principally in Armenia. The tradition of the West gives him the name of Ahasuerus; describes him as having been met with in various countries of Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; as speaking the language of every nation he visits, and as never having been seen to laugh.

It is said that the celebrated Goethe had intended writing an epic poem on the subject of this wonderful Jew, but he did not accomplish his design. "Le Juif Errant," by Eugène Sue, is well known; and so, to many readers, may also be "Ahasverus," by Edgar Quinet; but the Danish dramatic poem of "Ahasverus, den Evige Jöde," has not yet, probably, found its way into England.

In Eugène Sue's voluminous work, the mysterious Jew is only occasionally introduced as a spectral apparition might be—now on the snow-laden steppes of Siberia, now amidst the twilight darkness of some thick wood on the brow of some rocky height. This strange being, who, for eighteen hundred years had walked the earth, is yet described by the French author as having ties still existing

among the creatures who people it; and these were the descendants of his sister. He makes his Jew exclaim:

"Passing through so many generations, by the veins of the poor and of the rich, of the sovereign and of the bandit, of the sage and of the madman, of the coward and of the brave, of the saint and of the atheist, the blood of my sister has been perpetuated even until this hour."

He then had *some* interest in life, *some* worldly objects to engross his mind; he had traced the descendants of his family through ages, and though his remote kindred knew him not, he watched over them, in as far, at least, as the invisible agency which ever compelled him to move on would admit of his protecting them.

The other French author—Edgar Quinet—imbues his Ahasuerus with a deep longing for human sympathy, and bestows it upon him also, in the devoted love of a female called Rachel, whose affectionate companionship is a great solace to the pilgrim of ages.

But Frederick Paludan-Müller, the Danish writer, with a finer conception of the gloomy grandeur of the character, makes his Ahasuerus to have his thoughts fixed only on the earnest longing for repose, and escape from the weary world, mingled with horror at the remembrance of his own daring crime in ages long gone by, when he insulted his Saviour, and spurned him from his door. He describes him as living without sympathy, without affection for anything beneath the sun; a waif on the ocean of life—a wanderer from ancient times—bearing always about him the principle of vitality, yet longing to close his eyes in death, and envying the myriads whom he had seen descend into the quiet grave; in short, one who had been

Too long and deeply wrecked.
On the lone rock of desolate despair.

"Ahasverus, den Evige Jöde," forms a portion of a volume published in Copenhagen last year by Frederick Paludan Müller, a writer much admired in Denmark. This volume is modestly entitled "Tre Digte"—"Three Poems." One of these, the "Death of Abel," was originally published in a periodical work; the other two are dramas in verse—"Kalanus," which the author calls an historical poem—and "Ahasuerus, the Ever-living Jew," a dramatic poem. It is with the latter that we have at present to do.

Paludan-Müller's Wandering Jew is introduced by a "Prologue," consisting of a conversation, in blank verse, between the author and "his Muse," which is supposed to have taken place in an apartment at Fredensborg

Castle, in the North of Zealand, during the summer of 1853.

His Muse urges the poet to select the last day—or Doomsday—for his next subject, and is answered thus :

What ! Should my lay be formed of thoughts
and words
So gloomy in their import, and obscure ?
And were this possible—wert thou thyself
To lend my Fancy wings to reach that age
So far remote, and midst the flight of Time
To grasp the outline of the world's last days,
How lifeless would my picture be without
One human form ? For who will live till then ?

The Muse. One of mankind will live.

The Poet. Oh ! who is doomed
To be that lonely man ?

The Muse. One who of old
Dwelt in Jerusalem.

The Poet. Ahasuerus ?

The Muse. The ever-living Jew, who o'er this
world,
While it exists, must wander, and who thus
Will be the witness of its latest day.
His history thou surely knowest well ?
Though of terrific length, 'tis quickly told.
'Twas on Good Friday morn, his evil fate
Led him to leave his workshop for the street,
Whence rose loud cries from a tumultuous
throng ;

There, Jesus Christ was passing from the Hall,
Where Pontius Pilate had his doom pronounced,
To Golgotha—followed by friends and foes.
Beneath the burden of the Cross he bore
He almost sank and sought a moment's rest
Upon a bench that by the Jew's door stood.
Ahasuerus drove him thence with scorn,
And striking in contempt the fatal tree,
He heaped harsh maledictions on the Lord.
Then—as the legend tells—the Saviour turned,
And sternly thus addressed the guilty man :
"Thou thrustest forth the weary—rest denying
To him who for a moment sought it here.
No more shalt thou find rest upon this globe—
And as thou dost reject the dying now,
Death shall spurn thee ! Tarry thou here on
earth
Until—when the world ends—I call for thee !"

The Muse having thus fixed upon a subject, presents the scene to the poet. It is described as an ancient and deserted churchyard in ruins, situated at the foot of a hill, and close to the sea. Ahasuerus enters, and seating himself on an old tombstone, soliloquises for a time about the misery and wickedness of the world, on the horrors that are being enacted—riot, rapine, and murder apparently let loose—and how small is the band of true believers who are awaiting in faith and prayer the hour of dissolution. He then exclaims, as he casts a searching glance around :

Shak'st thou at length, thou fast-poised
world !
To thy foundations tremblest thou—

Comes the last awful earthquake now,
And shall the sun be forthwith hurled
From the vast firmament on high ?
At midday shall the stary sky
Be visible and fiery red ;
While motionless as the cold dead,
Hangs in the west the fading moon
Casting its shadows wan at noon ?
And shall a thick sulphureous steam
The atmosphere's pure air soon taint ;
Whilst 'midst the sound of thunders faint,
O'er earth's dark shores blue vapors gleam,
So that each object far and near
Shall in death's pallid hues appear ;
And mankind in that solemn gloom
Behold the sign of Nature's doom ?

I can conceive that man will smile
Upon his breast, and in affright
Utter loud shrieks of agony.
For what of miracles knows he—
Whose life is but like summer snow ?
While I—the wayfarer, alas !
Of years more than a thousand—lo !
What horrors have not I seen pas,
As, wand'ring on from race to race—
And age to age—the earth I pace !
What if the world's last day were near ?
For there must be some ending here.
What if you thunder's distant roar
Were to proclaim—that time is o'er.
If truly that last hour were come
Which shall earth's latest sons strike dumb,
When on the ear of man shall break
The trump of doom—and the dead wake,
And, starting from their graves, arise
Amidst the crash of earth and skies !

Oh hour—to others—awful, strange.
To me how glad, how blessed a change !
When these tired, shrivelled feet may rest—
This wearied frame, worn out, oppressed—
Which longs but for the quiet grave,
May find that peace it never gave ;
And as a wandering shade—its woes
In yonder land of shadows close !

The ancient man is then addressing a prayer for release from his misery to the Lord of Heaven, whom he had derided and ill-used, when he is interrupted by two men with drawn swords rushing into the funeral asylum. Gold, the cause of so much evil, is the occasion of their quarrel, which ends in one murdering the other. Ahasuerus, of course, reproves him, and tries to awaken him to a proper sense of the crime he has committed, but is scoffed at as the "mad old Jew." The wife and child of the murdered man next enter on the scene; and the all-pervading love of gold is still shown forth in the more vehement lamentations of the newly-made widow for the loss of her husband's money, which had been carried off by his murderer, than of his life.

After a long and, in the original, beautiful monologue, in which the aged wanderer complains of his weariness, his loneliness, and his

desolation, two young lovers stray into the old churchyard, and the female exclaims in terror :

Oh, save me ! See—the stars are falling !

To which the youth, with a mixture of gallantry and levity, replies :—

Well—let them fall—
And let them be extinguished all !
So long as these dear stars are bright
Which now I gaze on with delight—
And in thy lovely glances shine
The heaven which I hail as divine—
So long as I possess thy love,
I care not for yon orbs above !

But the damsel's terrors are not pacified by his complimentary speeches ; and after a time she asks him why he had brought her there.—

Amidst a churchyard's moss-grown stones.

He tells her that *there* they would be sure to be alone, that the sleeping dead around could be no tell-tale witnesses of their love, and that no living being would intrude on them amidst these forgotten tombs. Just then, however, Ahasuerus is discovered ; he speaks to them of a better world, and assists them to escape from the churchyard when a crowd of people are heard approaching, headed by "the Antichrist." Who this Antichrist may be is not explicitly defined ; but this personage and the Wandering Jew enter into a long theological discussion, which is at length broken in upon by some unearthly sound.

The Antichrist, gazing wildly round, exclaims :—

Whence come these tones ?

Ahasuerus. Hark ! From the sky—
Seek grace in time—ere Time shall die !

Antichrist. The trumpet's blast ?

Ahasuerus. Yea ! 'Tis the trumpet's call,
That to the judgment-seat doth summon all !

The Antichrist, muttering in deep dismay "The trumpet's call !" takes to flight, and Ahasuerus sinks on his knees. Then a voice is heard along with the trumpet in the air, and it says :—

Kneel—kneel, oh earth ! Thy glory and thy pride
In dust and ashes clad—oh, cast aside !
See—angel-hosts who on the Judge attend,
'Midst clouds from heaven descend !

It calls on the ambitious and haughty in spirit to give up their plans for the acquisition of worldly honor, and to awaken from their

vain dreams. It cites the guilty to come forth from their dark concealment, and from the hidden haunts of vice ; and commands that the passions, and feelings, and most secret thoughts of all should be made manifest in the clear and blazing light of eternity. It calls on the pale spectral forms of the dead to arise from the grave, and gathering their mouldering or mouldered bones, to stand before the Almighty. It bids the world to pause in its course, the fountain of life to cease to flow, and time to arrest its flight ; and it decrees the cessation of every sound except

That trumpet's tones
Which peal from yonder everlasting zones.

This celestial summons is a fine portion of the drama, and is not far inferior to Campbell's celebrated poem, "The Last Man."

Our author, however, notwithstanding the Archangel's command, does not permit all sounds to be immediately silenced by the overpowering blast of the fatal trumpet, for a dark shadow is seen to arise from a grave of apparently very ancient date, and it is recognized as Pontius Pilate, his contemporary, the ever-living Jew.

A conversation, filling eighteen or nineteen pages, ensues, in the course of which Pilate demands from his mundane friend the fate of Judæa and of Rome ; and is surprised to find that he has been wrapt in the oblivion of death for more than a thousand years. Still more amazed is he to hear of the long life that the shoemaker of Jerusalem had endured, not enjoyed ; and he is astounded when informed that Jesus of Nazareth—whom he had condemned to be put to death on the cross—he who had borne the crown of thorns—was indeed *the Christ*. Pilate hears with intense terror that He is coming to judge the world ; and again, as of old, asks, "What is truth ?"

To this the aged Jew—or Christian, as he would be more correctly termed—replies, "Christ is truth !" Ahasuerus then inquires of Pontius Pilate with eager curiosity about death and the grave. Pilate at length vanishes, and presently after a spirit appears, to whom Ahasuerus addresses the same anxious question, "What is death ?" And the spirit tells him :—

It is a sleep which knows no dream—
A deep, unbroken, calm repose—
Where neither thought nor image glows,
But in the mind ideas seem
Extinguished ; and no visions sweep
Before the rayless eye—the ear
Catches no sound. No joy—no fear
Can break on that mysterious sleep
Whose continuity no time
Can e'er exhaust. Yet it is rife
With the blest germ of future life
Which God will perfect in yon worlds
sublime.

The spirit assures Ahasuerus that they shall meet in the invisible world, and, disappearing, leaves him much comforted. He then wanders on farther among the graves, and comes suddenly on one that is open, as it were, ready to receive him. Not appalled by its depth and gloom, he looks wistfully into it; and after again praying for pardon, and to be released from the burden of life, he is about to descend into the grave, when he hears a chorus of angels singing :

Close at length thy weary eyes,
To ope them far above yon skies.
Thy long probation now is over,
Winged cherubs round thee hover,
Thy parting spirit to convey
Upwards, on its Heaven-bound way.
Angels from that heaven are nigh
To receive thy latest sigh.
Thy life, at length, is at an end,
Death waits thee like a welcome friend.
Thou mayst at length sink into rest—
Till in the regions of the blest,
From earth, the grave, and death set free—
Thou enterest Eternity !

BALAKLAVA.

What master hand shall set on the right path
These our blind guides, that wander to and fro ?
What pen shall write the nation's helpless wrath ?
What cry shall speak its woe ?

That noble army, that so stirred our pride —
So stout, so well equipped, so trim arrayed —
Melts like a snow-wreath from a warm hill-side,
And we can give no aid !

That starving army haunts us night and day ;
Clouding our gladness, deepening our care ;
By our warm hearths—"Alas, no fire have they!"
Snow falls — "tis falling there!"

We strive to chase the phantom : still it bides ;
Stretches gaunt hands between us and our meat;
In our warm beds, lies freezing at our sides ;
Trips up our dancing feet.

Why hauntest thou us, grim spectre ? 'T was not
we

Who brought thee to this miserable end.
As flowed thy blood for us, our gold for thee
We, without stint, did spend.

"All art we had, all industry, all skill,
To feed and clothe, and lodge thee, was be-
stowed."

Thus from the blue lips, agonized and shrill,
The spectre's answer flowed :

"My blood is on your heads ! My blood, not
spilt
As soldier's blood should be, upon the field.
Oh ! that I had but fallen, hilt to hilt,
Like Spartan on his shield !

The angel choir still sing ; but the voices seem more remote, and become fainter and fainter. The old man steps into the grave, and chanting a hymn to the Redeemer who had mercifully withdrawn the curse from him —who had opened the grave for him—and permitted him at length, through the silent gates of death, to pass to eternal repose—he dies—with these last words on his lips.

The Danish poet has done wisely in not presuming to follow "den Evige Jöde" beyond the determination of his fearful mortal career. He has done well in not attempting, like M. Edgar Quinet, to portray the *last judgment*, and to put the words of a finite being into the mouth of the Almighty. The most elevated sentiments—the most lofty diction, of which the human mind and human language are capable, would not be equal to this flight of the imagination ; and Paludan-Müller does not the less evince the power of his genius by showing his knowledge that in this world it must be—**THUS FAR SHALT THOU GO, AND NO FARTHER.**

"A soldier, I had met the soldier's death,
Nor grudged the life so for my country given
But thus, like beasts, not men, to yield man's
breath,
Uncared for, over-driven —

"Rotting in our own filth, like mangy hounds,
Cramped, frost and hunger-bitten to the bones,
Wrestling with death 'mid smells, and sights, and
sounds

That turn kind hearts to stones —

"To die for very lack of clothes and food,
Of shelter, bedding, medicine, and fire ;
While six miles off lay, piled up, many a rood,
All we did so require !

"This guilt lies at your door. You wear no
crown —
But what is She who wears it unto you ?
You raise up ministers and pluck them down ;
What you will, they must do.

"If they put leadership in baby hands,
'Tis that you wink, or slumber, or approve ;
If, like an iron wall, Routine still stands ;
You will, and it must move.

"If Aristocracy's cold shadow fall
Across the soldier's path, to you is given
The might to rend away that ancient pall,
And let in light of Heaven !

"I was the People's soldier. In their name
I stood against the Czar in battle's hour,
If I, not he, be baffled, rest the shame
With you, that have the power !"

Punch.

From the New Monthly Magazine

MRS. JAMESON'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.*

MRS. JAMESON has long ago secured to herself the certainty of a constant, hearty, and respectful welcome. Her presence is ever felt to be refreshing, elevating, bettering. She humanizes and refines the mind—makes us feel the world is too much with us, and allures to a brighter, if not always another.

Especially in this latest work of hers do we recognize such a spiritualizing influence; it is rich in words of wisdom, deeply felt, calmly pondered, and often exquisitely expressed; the beautiful book of a beautiful writer. Within and without, in the spirit and in the letter, by the value of the text and the adornments of letter press and illustrative designs, it is such a gift-book as may be well called pleasant to the sight, and to be desired to make one wise.

Commend us to that sire, as of approved taste and feeling, who should select it, before a host of glittering "annuals," as the gift book for his heart's darling; and to that bridegroom, as an intelligent man and a derserving, who should put it into the hands and press it on the interest of his betrothed. The external grace and the inward excellence of the volume remind us of what is said of the "virtuous woman, whose price is far above rubies," in the words of King Lemuel, the creed that his mother taught him; that she maketh herself clothing of silk and purple—which is good; and, that she openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness—which is far better. Wisdom, and the law of kindness, are eminently, pre-eminently characteristic of the ethical and critical writings of Mrs. Jameson.

Not that this present volume contains nothing, or indeed little, that will be accepted by thinking people without demur or gainsaying. On the contrary, it is, in page after page, provocative of hesitation and question—frequently of very qualified assent, and sometimes of absolute dissent.

Mrs. Jameson is a reader of Emerson, and the Westminster and Prospective Reviews, and quotes them with zest, and is a gentle free thinker on her own account, and quotes her own free thinkings too. Hers is the common-place book of no common-place woman, but of one naturally and habitually meditative; given to speculate in her quest of wisdom, addicted to guesses at truth, and frank in the expression of the conclusions she has arrived at, or the suggestive queries which are all she can throw out. With this cast of mind, and independence of spirit, it cannot be but that from time to time she should produce results too debatable for her readers to acquiesce in—indeed, indolent acquiescence is the last thing she would ask or be grateful for, on the part of those she confers with; and the very fact of suggestiveness im-

plics difference of view in minds differently constituted, or at different stages of progress on the same general route.

Mrs. Jameson avers that never, in any one of the many works she has given to the public, has she aspired to teach—"being myself," she says, "a learner in all things;" and in sending forth this selection of thoughts, memories, and fancies she professes herself guided by the wishes of others, who deemed it not wholly uninteresting or profitless to trace the path, sometimes devious enough, of an "inquiring spirit, even by the little pebbles dropped as vestiges by the way-side. She recognizes one way only of doing good in a book "so supremely egotistical and subjective;" namely, that it may, like conversation with a friend, open up sources of sympathy and reflection; may excite to argument, agreement or disagreement; and, like every spontaneous utterance of thought out of an earnest mind, which hers emphatically is—may suggest far higher and better thoughts to higher and more productive minds.

"If I had not the humble hope," she adds, "of such a possible result, instead of sending these memoranda to the printer, I should have them thrown into the fire; for I lack that creative faculty which can work up the teachings of heart-sorrow and world experience into attractive forms of fiction or of art; and having no intention of leaving any such memorials to be published after my death, they must have gone into the fire as the only alternative left."

Such is her modest apology or explanation, in publishing what she seems, sensitive in her respect for her public, to apprehend liable to suspicion, in *limine*, of book-making, "presumptuous or careless." For many years she has been accustomed, we learn, to make a memorandum of any thought which may have come across her—if pen and paper were at hand; and to mark and remark, any passage in a book which may have excited either a sympathetic or anti-pathetic feeling. This collection of notes accumulated insensibly from day to day.

The volumes on Shakespeare's Women, on Sacred and Legendary Art, etc., "sprung from seed thus lightly and casually sown," which the author hardly knew how, grew up and expanded into a regular, readable form, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. What was she to do, however, with the fragments that remained—περισσευτα κλαματων—without beginning, and without end—μητε αρχην μητε τελος έχοντα—links of a hidden or a broken chain?—Unwilling to decide for herself, she resolved to abide by advice of friends; and *hinc illa deliciae*: hence this charming "Common-place Book of Thoughts, Memories and Fancies"—by a woman of pure and aspiring thoughts, and tender memories, and graceful fancies.

The thirty pages devoted to what she calls "A Revelation of Childhood," will, by many, be considered the most interesting passage in the book. It is a delightsome piece of autobiography, valuable from its psychological character, and the pervading philosophical tone of its brief narrative. It is the seriously indited remonstrance against educational fallacies, abuses and anomalies, of

* A Common place Book of thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, original and Selected. By Mrs. Jameson. With Illustrations and Etching. Longman, 1854.

one who pleads for childhood and reverences its possibilities, of one who deeply feels that we do not sufficiently consider that our life is "not made up of separate parts, but is *one*—is a progressive whole. When we talk of leaving our childhood behind us, we might as well say that the river flowing onward to the sea had left the fountain behind."

Mrs. Jameson here puts together some recollections of her own child-life, not, she says, because it was in any respect an exceptional or remarkable existence, but for a reason exactly the reverse, because it was like that of many children; many children having at least come under her notice as thriving or suffering from the same or similar unseen causes, even under external conditions and management every way dissimilar. She describes herself as not being "particularly naughty;" and that she gives on the authority of elders who assured of it twenty times a day, rather than from any conviction of her own;—looking back she is not conscious of having perpetrated more than the usual amount of so-called "mischief" which every lively, active child perpetrates between five and ten years old.—She had the usual desire to know, and the usual dislike to learn; like her coevals she loved fairy tales, and hated French exercises. But she goes on to say, "but not of what I learned, but of what I did *not* learn; not of what they taught me, but of what they could *not* teach me; not of what was open, apparent, manageable, but of the under current, the hidden, the unmanaged or unmanageable, I have to speak."

Very early memories she thus brings before us, with a sacred freshness and vivid reality; for she can testify, as so many have testified already, that as we grow old the experiences of infancy come back upon us with a strange vividness; a period indeed there is, when the overflowing, tumultuous life of our youth rises up between us and those first years—"but as the torrent subsides in its bed we can look across the impassable gulf to that haunted fairy land which we shall never more approach, and never forget!" She can remember in infancy being sung to sleep, and even the tune which was sung to her, and she begs "blessings on the voice that sang it!" She recalls the afflictions he endured at six years old from the fear of not being loved where she had attached herself, and from the idea that another was preferred before her—such anguish it was, she says, "as had nearly killed me," and which left a deeper impression than childish passions usually do; and one so far salutary, that in after life she guarded herself against the approaches of "that hateful, deformed, agonizing thing which men call 'jealousy,' as she would from 'an attack of cramp or cholera.'"

With a good temper, she was endowed with the capacity of "strong, deep, silent resentment, and a vindictive spirit of rather a peculiar kind"—the latter a source for several years of intense, untold suffering, of which no one but the sufferer was aware: "I was left to settle it; and my mind righted itself I hardly know how; not certainly by religious influences—they passed over my mind, and did not at the time sink into

it—and as for earthly counsel or comfort I never had either when most wanted.

She further represents herself as having had, "like most children," confused ideas about truth, more distinct and absolute ones about honor—to tell a lie was wicked, and, by her infant code of morals, worse than wicked—dishonorable.—But she had no compunction about telling *fictions*, in which practice she disdains "Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, that liar of the first magnitude," as nothing in comparison to herself. Not naturally obstinate, she records how she was punished as such—whereby hangs a tale well worth noting for the sake of the moral. An especial cause of childish suffering again, was fear, "fear of darkness and supernatural influences"—at first experienced in vague terrors, "haunting, thrilling, stifling"—afterwards in varied form, the most permanent being the ghost in Hamlet, derived from an old engraving: "O, that spectre! for three years it followed me up and down the dark staircase, or stood by my bed; only the blessed light had power to exorcise it. Another grim presence not to be put by, was the figure of Bunyan's Apollyon looming over Christian, also due to an old engraving. And worst of all were "certain phantasms without shape," like the spirit that passed before the seer, which stood still, but he could not discern the form thereof,—and inarticulate voices, whose burden was the more oppressive because so unintelligible—voices as emphatic in sound as indistinct in utterance.

These were the dread accessories of darkness to the imaginative child; the thoughtful woman's account of which will excite sympathetic recollections in many a woman, and man too, and may avail to ward off increase of suffering from many a child. Mr. Leigh Hunt has wisely said that such things are no petty ones to a sensitive child, when relating how himself was the victim of an elder brother's delight to "aggravate"—the big boy taking advantage of the little one's horror of the dark, and (like Mrs. Jameson in this also) of dreadful faces gathered from illustrated books—which brotherly attentions helped largely, he says in his Autobiography, "to morbidize all that was weak in my temperament, and cost me many a bitter night." By day, Mrs. Jameson describes her little self as having been "not only fearless, but audacious, inclined to defy all power and brave all danger," provided always the danger could be seen. She remembers volunteering to lead the way through a herd of cattle (among which was a dangerous bull, the terror of the neighborhood) armed only with a little stick; but first she said the Lord's Prayer fervently. "In the ghastly night," she adds, "I never prayed; terror stifled prayer. These visionary sufferings, in some form or other, pursued me till I was nearly twelve years old. If I had not possessed a strong constitution and a strong understanding, which rejected and contemned my own fears, even while they shook me, I had been destroyed. How much weaker children suffer in this way I have since known; and have known how to bring them help and strength, through sympathy and knowledge,—the sympathy that soothes and does not encourage—the

knowledge that dispels, and does not suggest, the evil."

In her own case, the power of these midnight terrors vanished gradually before what she calls a more dangerous infatuation—the propensity to reverie; from ten years old to fifteen, she lived a double existence; like Hartley Coleridge with his dreamland *Ejuxria*, like Thomas de Quincey with his dreamland *Gombroon*, she imagined new worlds, and peopled them with life, and crowded them with air-castles, and constructed for the denizens a concatenated series of duly developed action and carefully evolved adventures; and this habit of reverie, so systematical, so methodical, grew upon her with such strength, that at times she scarcely took cognizance of outward things and real persons, and, when punished for idleness by solitary confinement, exulted in the sentence as giving thrice-welcome scope for uninterrupted day-dreams. She was always a princess-heroine in the disguise of a knight, a sort of Clorinda or Britomart, going about to redress the wrongs of the poor, fight giants, and kill dragons; or founding a society in some far-off solitude or desolate island, innocent of tears, of tasks, and of laws,—of caged birds and of tormented kittens.

From her earliest days she can remember her delight in the beauties of nature—foiled, but not dulled by a much regretted change of abode from country to town—which intense sense of beauty gave the first zest to poetry—making Thomson's "Seasons" a favorite book before she could yet understand one-half of it—and St. Pierre's "Indian Cottage," and the "Oriental intoxication" of the "Arabian Nights." Shakspeare she had read all through ere she was ten years old, having begun him at seven; *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline* were the plays she liked, and knew the best. Shakspeare was, indeed, on the forbidden shelf; but the most genial and eloquent of his female commentators—not to throw in, as some will think we might, the worser half of creation—protests once and again, with an emphatic "bless him!" that Shakspeare did her no harm. But of some religious tracts and stories by Hannah More, the loan of a parish clerk, she asserts: It is most certain that more moral mischief was done to me by some of these than by all Shakspeare's plays together. Those so-called pious tracts first introduced me to a knowledge of the vices of vulgar life, and the excitements of a vulgar religion—the fear of being hanged and the fear of hell became coexistent in my mind."

She adds her conviction, that she read the Bible too early, too indiscriminately, and too irreverently; the "letter" of the Scriptures being familiarized to her by sermonizing and dogmatizing, long before she could enter into the "spirit." But the histories out of the Bible (the Parables especially) were enchanting to her, though her interpretation of them was, in some instances, the very reverse of correct or orthodox.

A tendency to become pert and satirical which showed itself about this age (ten), was happily checked by a good clergyman's reasonable narration of a fine old Eastern fable, which gave wholesome pain to the conscience of the young

satirist, and taught her so impressively how easy and vulgar is the habit of sarcasm, and how much nobler it is to be benign and merciful, that she was, by the recoil, "in great danger of falling into the opposite extreme—of seeking the beautiful even in the midst of the corrupt and the repulsive." "Pity," she continues, "a large element in my composition, might have easily degenerated into weakness, threatening to subvert hatred of evil in trying to find excuses for it; and whether my mind has ever completely righted itself, I am not sure." Nor must we forget to add, as characteristic of the quality of her child-life, her sensibility to music; and how Mrs. Arkwright used to entrance her with her singing, so that the songster's very footfall made the tiny listener tremble with expectant rapture. "But her voice!—it has charmed hundreds since; whom has it ever moved to a more genuine passion of delight than the little child that crept silent and tremulous to her side? And she was fond of me—fond of singing to me, and, it must be confessed, fond also of playing these experiments on me. The music of 'Paul and Virginie' was then in vogue, and there was one air—a very simple air—in that opera, which, after the first few bars, always made me stop my ears and rush out of the room."

With her wonted candor, and didactic intent, Mrs. Jameson owns, that she became at last aware that this musical flight was sometimes done to please her parents, or amuse or interest others by the display of such vehement emotion; her infant conscience became perplexed between the reality of the feeling and the exhibition of it; people are not always aware, she remarks—and if a truism, it will stand another reading—of the injury done to children by repeating before them the things they say, or describing the things they do; words and actions, spontaneous and unconscious, become thenceforth artificial and conscious. "I can speak of the injury [thus] done to myself between five and eight years old. There was some danger of my becoming a precocious actress—danger of permanent mischief such as I have seen done to other children—but I was saved by the recoil of resistance and resentment excited in my mind." From beginning to (too speedy) end, this "Revelation of Childhood," however uneventful in outward circumstance, is so gracefully and genially told, with such engaging frankness, and fresh-hearted earnestness, and sagacious self-analysis, that we hope some day to read other and fuller autobiographic sketches in the same fair autograph.

There are one or two isolated scraps of the same personal and subjective interest occurring in the varied pages of the Common-Place Book. For this interest, as part "revelations" of inner life, as shadows of idiosyncrasy, we quote the following: "'Those are the killing griefs that do not speak,' is true of some, not all characters. There are natures in which the killing grief finds utterance while it kills; moods in which we cry aloud, 'as the beast crieth, expansive not appealing.' That is my own nature; so in grief or in joy, I say as the birds sing:—

"Und wenn der Mensch in Seiner Qual verstummt,
Gab mir ein Got zu sagen was ich leide!"

Agnin : "As to the future, my soul, like Cato's, shrinks back upon herself and startles at destruction; but I do not think of my own destruction, rather of that which I love. That I should cease to be is not very intolerable; but that what I love, and do now in my soul possess, should cease to be—there is the pang, the terror! I desire that which I love to be immortal, whether I be so myself or not."

And in another place we read : "I wish I could realize what you call my 'grand idea of being independent of the absent.' I have not a friend worthy of the name, whose absence is not pain and dread to me;—death itself is terrible only as it is absence. At some moments, if I could, I would cease to love those who are absent from me, or to speak more correctly, those whose path in life diverges from mine—whose dwelling-place is far off; with whom I am united in the strongest bonds of sympathy while separated by duties and interests, by space and time. The presence of those whom we love is as a double life; absence, in its anxious longing, and sense of vacancy, is as a foretaste of death." True; and yet, as Wordsworth says, and as every heart echoes that has once pined for the absent and afterwards mourned for the dead,

Absence and death, how differ they !

The nature of this Common-place Book implies frequent reference to literary people and literary topics. Mr. Carlyle is frequently alluded to, with a respect sometimes verging on awe, such as his detractors and the lady's admirers will think quite gratuitous. He once told her his scorn of sending a man to study what the Greeks and Romans did, and said, and wrote; asking, "Do ye think the Greeks and Romans would have been what they were, if they had just only studied what the Phoenicians did before them?" To which Mrs. Jameson, in her modesty, adds : "I should have answered, had I dared—" Yet perhaps the Greeks and Romans would not have been what they were if the Egyptians and Phoenicians had not been before them." If she cannot muster courage to demur to his theses *viva voce*, at least she essays to tackle them, and turn them inside out, in her book of common-places, as in this instance, and in the case of her exception to his theory of happiness,* which she believes him to confound with pleasure and self-indulgence; and if she does not mean the same author, many readers will think she does, when she speaks of a certain "profound intellect weakened and narrowed in general power and influence by a limited range of sympathies"—of one "excellent, honest, gifted, but who 'wants gentleness,'" and whom she depicts as a man carrying his bright intellect as a light in a dark lantern; "he sees only the objects on which he chooses to throw that blaze of light;

* Of which, however, she diffidently says: "I have had arguments, if it be not presumption to call them so, with Carlyle on this point.

those he sees vividly, but, as it were, exclusively. All other things, though lying near, are dark, because perversely he *will* not throw the light of his mind upon them." Elsewhere she notes it as very curious to see such men as Arnold and Carlyle both overwhelmed with a terror of the magnitude of the mischiefs they see impending over us. "Something alike, perhaps, in the temperaments of these two extraordinary men;—large conscientiousness, large destructiveness, and small hope." Coleridge, too, is a familiar name, as might be expected; and we have a passage of Tieck's table-talk on the occasion of that illustrious man's decease, and a true and beautiful saying of John Kenyon in relation to the gifted daughter, Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, that "like her father she had the controversial *intellect* without the controversial *spirit*."

There is an interesting parallel instituted between Theodore Hook and Sydney Smith as dinner table wits—the wit of the cleric being emphatically preferred (notwithstanding Mrs. Jameson's personal uncongeniality with him, as a nature so deficient in the artistic and imaginative),—preferred because always involving a thought worth remembering for its own sake, as well as worth remembering for its brilliant vehicle; "the value of ten thousand pound sterling of sense concentrated into a cut and polished diamond."

If Mrs. Jameson could not "take to" the man, certainly she gives good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, of laudation to the wit. Of other literary names mentioned *passim* are Landor, "rich in wise sayings," a few of which are quoted; Balzac, of whom a certain oft-quoted O. G. said once, with a shudder, to Mrs. Jameson, "His laurels are steeped in the tears of women—every truth he tells has been wrung in tortures from some woman's heart;" Robert Browning, whose "Paracelsus" is pronounced incomparable since Goethe and Wordsworth, for profound, far-seeing philosophy, luxuriance of illustration, and wealth of glorious eloquence; Southey, whose Life and Letters the authoress admires, but with whom as a man she disclaims all sympathy, and the material of whose character she tells us repels her—(more's the pity, *subauditur*); Goethe, of whose Italian travels she says (following Niebhurh) what so many have felt—not need the *Italianische Reise* exhaust the remark—that a strong perception of the heartless and the superficial in point of feeling, mars the reader's enjoyment of so much that is fine and valuable in criticism. "It is well," she says, deep and reverent as her appreciation of the Weimar Baron is—"it is well to be artistic in art, but not to walk about the world *en artiste*, studying humanity and the deepest human interests, as if they were art."

In her own hints and observations on art in these pages, there is that will repay perusal, else were they not Mrs. Jameson's. Music and musicians come under her notice—especially Mozart and Chopin—but painting and sculpture she more happily deals withal. There is a very fine piece of criticism on the acting of Molié. Rachel, too long for the reader to read here, but too good for him to miss in the original.

Some of our English actresses, again, have been interrogated by Mrs. Jameson as to the parts they preferred to play. Results: Mrs. Siddons replied after a moment's consideration, and in her "rich, deliberate, emphatic tones," "Lady Macbeth is the character I have most studied;" Mrs. Henry Siddons replied without a moment's consideration, "Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, was the character I played with most ease to myself, and most success as regarded the public; it cost no effort;" Mrs. Fanny Kemble said the part she played with most pleasure to herself, was Camilla, in Massinger's "Maid of Honor;"—and Mrs. Charles Kean's "preferential share" was Ginevra, in Leigh Hunt's "Legend of Florence," a play and a part which the gratified dramatist himself saw the actress shed tears over, at the green-room readings.

Her own sex will be grateful to Mrs. Jameson, as the eloquent and earnest spokeswoman of their general feeling, felt often, but ne'er so well expressed, for her protest against Mr. Thackeray's women. No woman, she allows, will resent his Rebecca Sharp, "no woman but feels and acknowledges with a shiver, the completeness of that wonderful and finished artistic creation; but all resent the "selfish and inane Amelia," and "the inconsistency, the indelicacy of the portrait" of Laura ("in love with Warrington, and then going back to Pendennis, and marrying him!") and the entire history and character of Lady Castlewood, which elicit from Mrs. Jameson an honestly passionate "O, Mr. Thackeray! this will never do!"

The social position of her sex, its anomalies and abuses, she discusses as she has done before, with energy of head and heart—going over the old ground, but strewing flowers by the way, and not flowers of eloquence only, but good seed which may take root, as she hopes, and spring up where the brambles and weeds are now, and show first the bramble, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, and so bear fruit an hundred-fold. Assuredly, these "common-places," of hers, on the education, and the conventional status of women, whether to be assented to or dissented from, are not to be skipped.

Of the apothegmatic and sententious passages in which the book abounds, we have given few or no samples. They are often weighty in matter, and felicitous in manner; in substance full of meaning, and in form at once graceful and impressive. Some of them have the bal-

anced antithesis dear to maxim-makers. Thus: "In what regards policy—government—the interests of the many is sacrificed to the few; in what regards society, the morals and happiness of individuals are sacrificed to the many."—Again: "We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love." "I observe, that in our relations with the people around us, we forgive them more readily for what they do, which they can help, than for what they are which they cannot help!" "Men, it is generally allowed, teach better than women, because they have been better taught the things they teach.—Women train better than men because of their quick, instinctive perceptions and sympathies, and greater tenderness and patience." With one or two other ethical fragments, quoted almost at hazard, we must draw to a close:

"The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith."

"In the same moment that we begin to speculate on the possibility of cessation or change in any strong affection that we feel, even from that moment we may date its death;—it has become the *fetch* of the living love."

"If the deepest and best affections which God has given us sometimes brood over the heart like doves of peace—they sometimes suck out our life-blood like vampires."

"Why will teachers suppose that in confessing their own ignorance or admitting uncertainties they must diminish the respect of their pupils, or their faith in truth? I should say from my own experience that the effect is just the reverse. I remember when a child, hearing a very celebrated man profess his ignorance on some particular subject, and I felt awe struck—it gave me a perception of the infinite—as when looking up at the starry sky. What we unadvisedly cram into a child's mind in the same form it has taken in our own, does not always healthily or immediately assimilate; it dissolves away in doubts, or it hardens into prejudice, instead of mingling with the life as truth ought to do."

Like fragments might be added without stint, but for conspiracy between editor and compositor to hamper our notions of space. So we retire under cover of a Ciceronian phrase: "Multa ejusmodi preferre possum; sed genus ipsum videntis."

The Electric Telegraph Popularized. With one hundred Illustrations. By Dionysius Lardner, D. C. L. etc. From "The Museum of Science and Art."

[Dr. Lardner's aim in this publication is to render the subject of the electric telegraph "intelligible to all who can read, irrespective of any previous scientific acquirements;" and exceedingly well he has accomplished his intention. The nature of electricity, so far as it is known or conjectured, and the principles of its application to telegraphic uses, are lucidly explained. Descriptions are then given of the principal lines and

modes of working them, as well as of the submarine undertakings. To these more strictly scientific topics, Dr. Lardner adds a little of what may be called the gossip of the subject,—as its uses in the detection of criminals, and the various messages it transmits. There is also some account of the other purposes to which the electric power may be applied. The book is copiously illustrated by cuts of a very explanatory kind. Altogether, Dr. Lardner's *Electric Telegraph* is an interesting volume, giving much in a small compass.] — *Spectator*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

**TROPICAL SCENERY — BRITISH
GUIANA.***

It is surprising how little is known of British Guiana. A distinguished statesman actually spoke, not a very long time back, of this important continental colony as an island! Sir Robert Shomburgh (who if he did not discover, at least was the first to bring home, that pride of its waters, the *Victoria Regia*) has done most in modern times towards making us acquainted with the interior of the country; but his valuable papers are chiefly consigned to the pages of the journal of a learned society. Take up any modern work on geography and you will find something to the following effect:—"The whole coast is so flat, that it is scarcely visible till the shore has been touched; the tops of the trees only are seen, and even seem to be growing out of the sea,—nothing of varied scenery is presented to the eye,—little is beheld but water and woods, which seem to conceal every appearance of land. The same sombre and monotonous appearance is presented in the interior to those few curious individuals who have endeavored to penetrate into those recesses of the forest, by the numerous openings which nature has made by the streams which successively augment the Corentin, the Berbice, the Demerara, and the Essequebo."

Such a picture of Guiana is perhaps the least correct that could be possibly given. True it is that this extensive territory is largely encircled and intersected by rivers, which present the almost unparalleled hydrographic phenomenon of flowing in almost uninterrupted communication throughout the land. The South American Indian, seated in his buoyant boat—the stripped bark of some forest tree—might have entered the broad mouth of the Amazon, and wending his solitary way along the southern boundary, have navigated the broad tributary stream of the river Negro, and ascending its waters along the western outline of this tract of country, persevered through the natural canal of Cassiquiare and the southern branches of the Orinoco until he reached that river; and here his course would be unbroken to the wide waters of the Atlantic, a few degrees higher to the north than where he commenced his voyage.

But, notwithstanding this peculiarity, the interior of Guiana presents a very diversified

surface, and much and various contrasted configuration. Such ignorance of the country as would describe it either as an island or a mud-flat is now no longer tolerable. It was only so in times long gone by.

"Before the arrival of the European," says Dr. Dalton, "the lofty mountain heights of the interior, the fertile and undulating valleys of the hilly region, and the borders of the illimitable forests and savannahs, were alone tenant-ed by the various tribes of Indians who were scattered throughout this vast domain. Their fragile canoes were occasionally seen gliding along the large rivers and the numerous tributary streams which intersect the country; a dense mass of unrivalled foliage, comprising palms, mangroves, couridas and ferns, fringed the banks of the rivers and the margins of the coasts; while a thicker bush of an infinite variety of trees extended inland over an uncleared territory, where the prowling beast, the dreaded reptile, the wild bird, and the noxious insect roamed at large. But when colonization commenced and civilization pro-gressed, the flat lands bordering on the coasts and rivers were cleared and cultivated, the savage forests and their occupants retreated before the encroaching step of civilization and the march of industry, plantations were laid out, canals and trenches dug, roads formed, and houses raised over the level plain of alluvial soil, which, without a hill or elevation of any kind, stretches for many miles between the sand-hill regions and the Atlantic Ocean."

The land on the banks of the rivers and along the sea-coasts between the mouths of the rivers being entirely alluvial, the whole line of coast is skirted by mud-flats and sand-banks, soon to form themselves part of the great continent of South America. The alluvial soil thus deposited is covered with perennial foliage, nourished by the frequent rains and balmy atmosphere of the tropics. Hence the first indication of land is characterized by a long irregular outline of thick bush, on approaching which, groups of elevated trees, chiefly palms, with occasionally an isolated silk-cotton, or the tall chimneys of the sugar plantations, with the smoke curling upwards, begin rapidly to be recognized, and indicate to the experienced trader almost the very spot he has made. On nearing the land the range of plantations may be easily marked by the line of chimneys; the dense foliage of the coast partly intercepts the view of any buildings, the low ground being covered with mangroves and courida bushes, ferns, and other plants; but behind this wooded barrier numerous dwelling-houses, extensive villages, and the sugar manufactories, extend along the belt of land which, in an unbroken level, constitutes the cultivated districts of the colony.

"Once in sight of the land the scene rapidly

* The History of British Guiana; comprising a General Description of the Colony; a Narrative of some of the Principal Events from the Earliest Period of its Discovery to the Present Time; together with an Account of its Climate, Geology, Staple Products, and Natural History. By Henry G. Dalton, M.D., etc. 2 vols. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

changes in appearance—from a long, low out-line of bush to the different objects which characterize the attractive scenery of the tropics. The bright green palm-trees, with their huge leaves fanned briskly by the sea-breeze, and the lofty silk-cotton-tree are plainly visible; while a confused, but picturesque group of trees and plants of tropical growth, with white and shining houses interspersed among them, present to the stranger rather the appearance of a large garden than the site of an extensive and busy city."

This low wooded alluvial tract extends inland to variable distances, from ten to forty miles, and is almost level throughout its whole extent. It is succeeded by a range of unproductive sand-hills and sand-ridges, which attain an elevation varying from 30 to 120 feet. These sand-hills repose upon rock, and beyond them the land is covered with trees and shrubs, constituting what is called "The Bush."

The mountains of British Guiana are so far removed from the coasts, and are so difficult of access, as to be rarely seen by the inhabitants. Yet are there many different ranges and groups, for the most part granitic, more or less wooded, and varying in elevation from one to four and even five thousand feet.—Among them is the famous Roraima, or "red rock," a remarkable sandstone group which rises 7500 feet above the level of the sea, the upper 1500 feet presenting a mural precipice. These stupendous walls are as perpendicular as if erected with the plumb-line; nevertheless, in some parts they are overlung with low shrubs, while down their face rush numerous cascades, which, falling from this enormous height, flow in different directions to form the tributaries of three of the largest rivers in South America; namely, the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Essequebo.

Romantic and poetical as are the sublimities of nature, they are duly appreciated by the Indians. Their traditions and songs bear constant allusion to this magnificent scenery. In their dances they sing of "Roraima, the red-rocked, wrapped in clouds, the ever fertile source of streams;" and in consequence of the darkness which frequently prevails when thick clouds hover about its summit, it is likewise called the Night Mountain; "of Roraima, the red-rocked, I sing, where with daybreak the night still prevails."

These mountain ranges are inhabited by various tribes of Indians, who live chiefly by hunting; and enclosed between the same rocky regions, the rest of the face of the country is marked by a few, but grand features—such as wide-spread savannahs, illimitable forests, undulating plains, and gigantic rivers.

There are several kinds of savannahs. Some are merely large tracts of swampy land, cover-

ed with tall rank grasses, the abode of reptiles and aquatic birds; but some of them are also well adapted for grazing. A second variety are more inland, of greater extent—extending to about 14,400 square miles—mountains surrounded, but also marshy, covered with grasses and a few stunted trees, traversed by tortuous streams whose course may often be traced afar off by an irregular row of trees, and with here and there tufts of trees like verdant isles in the plain.

Upon these savannahs is the celebrated lake Arnuch, whose waters during the season of inundation are said to flow eastward and westward, and which, according to Schomburgk, was once the bed of an inland lake, which, by one of those catastrophes of which even later times gives us examples, broke its barrier, forcing for its waters a path to the Atlantic. "May we not," inquires the same learned and enlightened explorer, "connect with the former existence of this inland sea the fable of the Lake Parima and the El Dorado? Thousands of years may have elapsed; generations may have been buried and returned to dust; nations who once wandered on its banks may be extinct, and even no more in name: still the tradition of the Lake Parima and the El Dorado survived these changes of time; transmitted from father to son, its fame was carried across the Atlantic, and kindled the romantic fire of the chivalrous Raleigh."

A third description of savannahs are of varying extent, but are marked by an entire absence of hills or irregularities of any kind; hence the term llanos, or plains, which has been applied to them by some. According to Humboldt, these savannahs, improperly called by some, prairies, are true steppes (llanos and pampas of South America). They present a rich covering of verdure during the rainy season, but in the months of drought the earth assumes the appearance of a desert.—The turf becomes reduced to powder, the earth gapes in huge cracks. The crocodiles and great serpents lie in a dormant state in the dried mud, until the return of rains and the rise of the waters in the great rivers, which flooding the vast expanse of level surface awake them from their slumbers. These sterile savannahs are the deserts of the American continent.

"Far different to the barren savannahs," Dr. Dalton remarks, "are the magnificent forests which present to the eye an unfading garment of green, varying in tint from the darkest to the lightest hue. Here are to be seen majestic trees, larger and statelier than the oak; here entwine in voluptuous negligence numerous pliant vines, interlacing and encircling the larger trees, and named by the colonists bush-ropes (laines). Here flourish the varieties of the broad-leaved palms, the

numerous native fruit trees, and a host of others possessing medicinal and other valuable properties, whilst minute mosses, innumerable lichens, and a variety of ferns and parasitic plants crowd together in social luxuriance; orchideous plants in amazing numbers, perched on the gigantic and forked branches of trees, seeking only for a resting-place, appear to inhale from the air alone (though so densely crowded by inhabitants) the pabulum which supports their capricious and singular existence.

The whole earth is life, the very air is life, and the foot of man can scarcely tread upon an inch of ground in this magazine of Nature's wonders without crushing some graceful plant or beauteous flower, so densely is it inhabited, so united, peaceful, and thriving are its denizens. The very beams of the bright sun are excluded from these secret haunts. Its rays glance only on the fanciful and glistening leaves, which form a veil or mantle to the treasures they conceal. How true and beautiful again is the language of Humboldt; not alone are trees, and shrubs, and plants glorying in existence, but the forest, still and silent as the grave, is yet a city for the reception of all things living, save man: "Yet amid this apparent silence, should one listen attentively, he hears a stifled sound, a continued murmur, a hum of insects that fill the lower strata of the air. Nothing is more adapted to excite in man a sentiment of the extent and power of organic life."

"Myriads of insects crawl on the ground, and flutter round the plants scorched by the sun's heat. A confused noise issues from every bush, from the decayed trunks of trees, the fissures of the rocks, and from the ground, which is undermined by lizards, millipedes, and blind worms. It is a voice proclaiming to us that all nature breathes, that, under a thousand different forms, life is diffused in the cracked and dusty soil as in the bosom of its waters, and in the air that circulates around us."

Timber trees in every variety, fruit trees in astonishing profusion, medicinal plants of singular efficacy, shrubs and flower plants in inexhaustible numbers, are found within these fruitful forests, in whose branches nestle a world of birds. The shrill scream of the parrot at morning and evening rends the air, while plaintive and slow strains may be heard at times from the maam and the powie. The rich plumage of the numerous bird tribes, and their peculiar and varied notes, form a marked contrast to the mute but grand assemblage of living plants. The magnitude and grandeur of these vast forests are almost incredible, save to eye-witnesses. The Indian, the melancholy lord of the soil, alone ap-

preciates their gorgeous beauty and soothing solitudes.

Next to the boundless forests come the magnificent rivers of Guiana; with their noble expanse of waters, their beautiful wooded islands, their picturesque cataracts, their lonely but romantic scenery, and their secluded creeks, the resort of savage barbarism.

But it is not in the neighborhood of the coasts, nor near the banks of the rivers, although even there the luxuriance of the foliage and breadth of water are very striking, that the most remarkable scenes and objects which are met with in the interior of British Guiana present themselves to notice. The traveller must pass by the maritime portion, and leave behind him the interminable forests; he must ascend the rivers, and surmount the numerous rapids and cataracts; he must quit the equable but enervating temperature of the low lands, and ascend the granite mountains and sandstone heights, in order to appreciate all the grandeur and beauty of the scenery; and to trace with awe, wonder, and admiration, the picturesque objects which stud the wooded plains and wandering streams.

According to Sir Robert Schomburgk, the greatest geological wonder of Guiana is the Ataraiupu, or Devil's Rock. This singular rock is wooded for about 350 feet, above which rises a mass of granite devoid of all vegetation, in a pyramidal form, for about 550 feet more. At another spot, a remarkable basaltic column, fashioned by Nature, and called by the Indians Puré-Piapa, or the Felled Tree, occupies the summit of a small hillock, about 50 feet high.

A portion of another group of columnar basalt, which also terminates on the summit in one abrupt pillar, about 50 feet in height, has been assimilated by the Indians to the Maroca—a large rattle made of the fruit of the calabash-tree, filled with pebbles, feathers, stone and snake-teeth, and which is the indispensable instrument of the Piatra, Piai-man, or Indian sorcerer, during his conjurations. Another group of columnar trap-rocks has been called the guava-tree stump. The Indians have a very primitive tradition of a good spirit turning everything to stone which he touched; hence every rock which is of more than ordinary size, or fantastically shaped by nature, is compared to some bird, animal, or tree, petrified by the powerful Makunaima.

Granite rocks, well known for the fantastic shapes which they assume in various countries, and for their peculiar decomposition into globular masses and rocking stones, present the same peculiarities here as elsewhere, and to a rather remarkable extent. Piles of granite are met with on the Essequebo rising to a

height of 140 to 160 feet. One pile consists of three huge blocks, resting one above the other. Another of a pyramidal shape attains nearly to the height of 200 feet. These "giants of the hill," as Mr. Waterton has termed them in his "Wandering," are both of them inaccessible.

It is in this neighborhood that the rude and fanciful hieroglyphics, called "picture-writing" by the Indians, are met with. The figures represented are of the most varied and singular description—rude outlines of birds, animals, men and women, and even large vessels with masts. Characters have also been met with which have been supposed to bear a remote resemblance to the Hebrew.

Sir R. Schomburgk remarks, in his "Illustrated Views of British Guiana," in reference to those rude sculptures :

"A mystery, not yet solved, hangs over these sculptured rocks; whatever may be their origin, the subject is one of high interest, and demands the full investigation of the antiquarian and historian. I have myself traced these inscriptions through seven hundred miles of longitude, and five hundred of latitude, or scattered here and there over an extent of three hundred and fifty thousand square miles. I have copied many of them, and although they do not denote an advanced state of civilization, in my opinion they have a higher origin and signification than that generally ascribed to them; namely, the idle tracings of hunting nations. It is remarkable that the situation of those which I have seen was generally near cataracts and rapids. The Indian races of the present day and give no account of their origin; some ascribe them to the good spirit, others to their forefathers; and the Taruma Indians, on the river Cuyuwine, a tributary of the Upper Essequebo, gave me, in answer to the question, Who had made the figures which I saw sculptured on some of the blocks of greenstone in that river? 'that women had made them long time ago!'"

It might be remarked upon this that cataracts are just the places where hard rocks, such as granite and greenstone, are met with, adapted for lasting sculptures; the natural beauties of the spot, to which the Indian is never insensible, and the neighborhood of water, would have constituted further temptations to the lingering hunter to practise there his rude and elementary art.

The Indians of Guiana are of a reddish-brown color, and somewhat glossy, not unlike new and clean copper. They are as grave and austere as Arabs, exhibiting much dignity in their walk and bearing, and an imperturbable calmness and self-possession. Strange that such noble attributes should most distinguish man in his savage state! They are divided

into tribes, having different names, habits, language, and even moral and physical qualities, although apparently descending from the same parent stock, which is Mongolian in its character. After an intercourse of three hundred years with the white man, the modes and habits of the native have undergone little or no change. With the exception of the efforts made by a few zealous missionaries, no attempt has been made to civilize and improve him; while the intrusion of Europeans into the territories which once belonged to his forefathers rapidly threatens to extinguish the last remnants of his race.

The tribe called Maeusi has the credit, if any, of preparing the famous wourali or urari poison, the various ingredients of which he obtains from the depths of the forests. The principal, according to Dr. Dalton, is the wourali vine, which grows wild. Having procured a sufficient quantity of this, he next seeks a bitter root, and one or two bulbous plants, which contain a green and glutinous juice. These being all tied together, he searches for two species of venomous ants: one large and black, the "muneery," about an inch long, and found in nests near to aromatic shrubs; the other a small red one, found under the leaves of several kinds of shrubs. Providing himself now with some strong Indian pepper, and the pounded fangs of the "cabbari" and conna-couchi snakes, the manufacturer of poison proceeds to his deadly task in a manner which reminds us of the proceedings of witches, as chronicled by poets and romancers:

"He scrapes the wourali vine and bitter root into thin shavings, and puts them into a kind of colander, made of leaves; this he holds over an earthen pot, and pours water on the shavings; the liquor which comes through has the appearance of coffee. When a sufficient quantity has been procured, the shavings are thrown aside. He then bruises the bulbous stalks, and squeezes a proportionate quantity of their juice through his hands into the pot. Lastly, the snakes' fangs, ants, and pepper are bruised, and thrown into it. It is placed then on a slow fire, and as it boils, more of the juice of the wourali is added, according as it may be found necessary, and the scum is taken off with a leaf; it remains on the fire till reduced to a thick syrup, of a deep brown color. As soon as it has arrived at this state, a few arrows are poisoned with it to try its strength."

The manner in which the strength of the poison is tested is said to be by wounding trees, and if the leaves fall off or die within three days, they consider the poison sufficiently virulent, but not otherwise!

When a man is to be killed, his enemy follows his path for days, and even weeks, till a

favorable opportunity presents itself of shooting him in the back. He then drags the corpse aside and buries it in a shallow grave. The third night he goes to the grave, and presses a pointed stick through the corpse. If on withdrawing the stick he finds blood on the end of it, he tastes the blood, in order to ward off any evil effects that might follow from the murder. Hence also, if the wounded man is able to reach his home, he charges his relations to bury him in some place where his body cannot be found, and leaves it to them to avenge his death.

Humboldt relates, in his "Views of Nature" (p. 20 of Bohn's Edition,) that while in the steppe tigers and crocodiles contend with horses and cattle, so on the forest borders, and in the wilds of Guiana, the hand of man is ever raised against his fellow-man. With revolting eagerness some tribes drink the flowing blood of their foes, whilst other seemingly unarmed, yet prepared for murder, deal certain death with a poisoned thumb-nail. This, we are informed in the notes to the same work, is done by the Otomacs, who poison their thumb-nails with curare, as it was called by Raleigh. The mere impress of the nail proves fatal, should the poison become mixed with the blood. Humboldt judged the creeping plant, described above by Dr. Dalton and Waterton, as a vine, to be from its physiognomy allied to strychnos. Sir R. Schomburgk has since found the plant in flower and described it under the name of strychnos-toxifera. It however contains, according to Boussingault, no trace of strychnine. If this is the case, it contains a vegetable poison of a different nature, as yet undescribed. The experiments of Virchow and Monter show that the curare, urari or wourali poison, does not destroy by absorption from without but when it is absorbed by the animal substance after the separation of continuity of the latter, which explains how an Indian can taste his victim's blood with impunity. It does not belong to tetanic poisons, but produces paralysis, that is to say, a cessation of voluntary muscular movement, while the function of the involuntary muscles (as the heart and intestines) continues unimpaired. It would appear that a plant endowed with such virtues might be applied to valuable purposes both in surgery and medicine.

If a woman or a child is to be murdered, their death is ensured in a still more barbarous manner. The miserable creature is thrown down on the ground, the mouth is forced open, and the fangs of a venomous serpent are driven through the tongue. Before the poor wretch can reach home, the tongue becomes so inflamed and swollen that she is unable to tell who did the deed, and death soon relieves her of her sufferings.

Parturition is attended with few inconveniences to the female Indian; as soon as the child is born, it is not an uncommon thing to see the mother proceed to a neighboring stream, where she performs the necessary ablutions for herself and infant. There is little in the way of dress to give her much trouble; nor does the occurrence occasion any interruption to her usual duties. The husband, however, is not let off so easily; the etiquette of savage life requires that he should take to his hammock for several days, where, with solemn countenance, and an appearance of suffering, he receives the visits of his acquaintances, who either condole or rejoice with him, as the case may be.

The History of Guiana comprises the first discovery by the Spanish navigators at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, followed by the numerous adventurous and romantic expeditions made in search of the El Dorado of the West—a rich city abounding in gold, silver, and precious stones, situated on the borders of the Lake Parima, and of whose fabulous wealth the Spaniards had obtained reports as early as in A. D. 1500—a story which in after times kindled the romantic spirit of the chivalric Raleigh.

The settlements of the Dutch succeeded in 1580 to these dreams of wondrous wealth—the age of chivalry and romance in British Guiana, as Dr. Dalton calls it; methodical and unimaginative, the Dutchman left to more credulous and speculative individuals the task of exploring the interior of a country enveloped in mystery and marvels. The adventurers from Spain, Portugal, England, and France left little behind them but the history of their misfortunes and disappointment—and a curious one it is. The Dutch, who settled down in contentment upon the undrained banks of rivers and sea-coasts, constructed canals, upon whose placid waters they trafficked in their barges, and which have been totally neglected by their successors; they introduced the cotton-plant, the coffee-plant, and the sugar-cane; they laid out beautiful gardens, where groves of orange and lime-trees mingled their shade and perfume with plantains and other indigenous tropical fruit trees. They also introduced slaves: the shores of Guiana were perhaps the first territories to which the miserable steps of the captured Africans were directed by their Dutch masters.

The epoch of Dutch colonization of Guiana is diversified by several invasions by the English and French, till Demerara and Essequebo were finally surrendered to the former in 1803, an occupation which was followed subsequently by the introduction of European women. The population had till that time been kept up by mulattoes, tercerones, quadrions, quarterones, and quinterones, or mus-

tees, as they were called, according to the amount of white and black admixture of blood, all difference vanishing in the last.

The history of English tenure presents the usual colonial varieties of a long succession of governors of various tempers and abilities; of disputes between the new governors and the old-established order of things in the shape of a Dutch fiscal; of disputes about the administration of justice and the monopoly of offices; of insurrections fanned by missionary interference and the negro apprentice act; of the emancipation of slaves, the appointment of stipendiary magistrates, and the encouragement of free immigration of Portuguese and Coolies. This portion of the work does great credit to Dr. Dalton's industry and ability, as do also those which embrace the statistics of the country, its government, public institutions, population, actual condition, and future prospects.

British Guiana has acquired an unenviable notoriety both in Europe and the West Indies for the insalubrity of its climate, and for the mortality which has occurred among Europeans and others who have visited its malarious shores. Dr. Dalton does not deny to it some pre-eminence in these respects; but he argues at length, that the temperature is very equable, and even advantageous for a certain class of complaints, and the greater amount of fatality is induced by the recklessness of the colonists. In fact, if the natural law is carefully observed, a person may live as long in Guiana, with very little more sickness, than elsewhere.

In a country constituted as Guiana is, animal life naturally abounds. Noxious insects intrude into dwelling-houses, the rivers teem with fish, birds and reptiles people the savannahs, wild beasts roam undisturbed in the forest, receding, however, before the advancing step of civilization. The monkeys are lords of the forests—the snake alone disputing with them the dominion of the wooded world. They live on high branches of lofty trees, where they consider themselves to be tolerably safe, except from the hunter's gun or Indian's arrow, and the ever dreaded wiles and stratagems of their greatest enemy, the snake. There are howling monkeys, weeping monkeys, and preaching monkeys, spider monkeys, fox-tailed monkeys, squirrel monkeys, and monkeys with all kinds of faces and beards. The forest in some respects resembles a large community of men. There are vampire bats that suck the blood of persons asleep. There are wild dogs that live on crabs (*Procyon Cancrivorus*), in reality a small description of bear. There are skunks, which bid defiance to all enemies, driving back dogs and men by their intolerably fetid odor.

Domestic cats and dogs removed to Guiana do not thrive; they have fits and die; but wild dogs and cats abound, and commit great depredations. Tiger-cats may be seen climbing the trees in the suburbs of the cities, and the favorite food of the jaguar are the pigs and cows of the colonist. The most impudent thieves are the opossums. They require sometimes to be beaten and kicked out of the houses, and considering that they are very offensive, as well as predatory, their presence must be anything but desirable. The sportsman's great resources are the labba or paca, the water-hog, and the acoury—the American hare. There are also deer, wild boar, tapirs, sloths, armadillos, ant-eaters, and a variety of other strange creatures. Nature in such regions appears positively to luxuriate in the most fanciful and curious creations. That great unwieldy-looking animal, the sea-cow, is met with at the outlet of the larger streams.

The variety and number of birds found in Guiana, the richness and beauty of their plumage, the surprising, and in many cases melodious, tones of their voices, and the curious and singular habits of most of them, offer a large field of inquiry. Large collections are made annually by naturalists, bird-stuffers, and travellers, and the specimens are distributed among museums in Europe and America. Possibly there are few persons who have not at times felt the wish to have their curiosity satisfied regarding the habits of those humming birds, parrots, macaws, shrikes, tanagers, manakins, troupias, jacamars, and other birds of brilliant plumage, which attract the eye in almost every collection. Guiana has also its useful birds—its turkeys, pheasants, partridges, pigeons, plovers, snipe, ducks, etc. Dr. Dalton tells us, however, that the European gets little sport in the forests, although game birds abound there. The crash of dried branches warn the bird, he flies away, and the density of the forest prevents his getting a shot. The stealthy Indian alone can get a shot on a branch or on the ground.

Needless to say that tortoises, crocodiles, snakes, and other reptiles abound in a country so favorable to the development of animal life. There are many kinds of turtle and tortoises, from the edible to the ferocious, and which themselves prey on other reptiles. Alligators are even to be seen in the canals and trenches about Georgetown. The largest species is the black alligator of the Essequebo, the same that Waterton encountered in so courageous and entertaining a manner. Among snakes, there are the boas, the largest of which, the boa-constrictor, is called the bushmaster. They have sometimes terrible conflicts with the alligators. There are great numbers of venomous snakes, and others that are not so, and which latter are chiefly arboreal or water

snakes. Frogs are among the most noisy denizens of the colony. The number of fishes in the waters of the coasts and the rivers and canals is described as being truly astonishing. How favorable the climate is for ichthyological growth and development may be judged of from the fact that one fresh-water fish—the *sudis gigas*—attains a length of from eight to fourteen feet, and weighs from 200 to 300 lbs., and is excellent food. A species of silurus, called lau-lau, is also often captured ten or twelve feet long, and weighing 200 lbs. Common eels are three or four feet in length.

The insect nuisances of the tropics are in force in Guiana. Every house has its centipedes; but fleas and mosquitoes are the great bane to comfort. Guiana is also much infested by the chigoe, jigger, which burrows in the flesh, especially of the toe-nail. D. Dalton says he has seen them on the hands, body, face, and feet; and has known people unable to walk on account of the accumulation of them in the soles of the feet. They sometimes cause mortification. A Capuchin friar is related to have been anxious to carry home some specimens of these irritating insects to his friends, so he took away with him a complete colony, which he foolishly permitted to inhabit one of his feet; but, unfortunately for himself and for science, the foot entrusted with the precious cargo mortified, was obliged to be amputated, and, with all its inhabitants and his blighted hopes, committed to the waves. Scarcely does the sun go down than thousands of beetles crowd into the drawing-rooms of the dwelling-houses. Others of the insect tribe get into all descriptions of food.—The common black beetle here, as in China, nibbles the toes of persons. In rainy weather large crickets alight on the head or hands, irritating the skin with their rough legs. Ants not only abound, but are also venomous. The sand-fly pesters human beings, as well as the mosquito, and is so small as to defy detection. Common flies also, by their numbers, add to the insect nuisances.

In a land of unsurpassed vigor in the production of both animal and vegetable life, where the air, the ground, and the waters alike teem with living things, it is naturally to be expected that magnificent and curious flowers should also abound, ornamenting the plains, decorating the woods, and enlivening the dark expanse of waters. On the lofty mountains and in the quiet valleys, in the fertile plains and grassy marshes, an immense garden, stored with infinite variety, is presented to the observer. Raised and cultivated by Nature, thousands of plants, the most rich and rare, spring up, blossom, and die. Many of them, however, have been reclaimed by enterprising naturalists, and have been transplanted to delight the senses of a refined communi-

ty. The time may yet come when the foot of civilization shall tread a path to these gorgeous regions, and the hand of man shall pluck these lovely plants from the obscurity in which they are now buried.

From these outlines some estimate may be formed of the natural wonders of Guiana.—The little that has been seen has struck all beholders with astonishment and admiration. There may be monotony and sameness in the wonderful extent of its perpetual forests, where the jaguar, the deer, and troops of monkeys dwell; but to the lover of nature and of science there is rich reward. There may be difficulty and danger to encounter in its far-stretching savannas and granite mountains, but to an enterprising spirit there are both interest and honor to be derived by gathering and recording his triumph over the cayman and the serpent.—Patience and endurance may be required to trace its numerous streams, and their verdant banks hung with garlands of flowers to the water's edge, but to the poet and the naturalist they are inspiring themes. Industry and perseverance are, no doubt, required by the man who desires to avail himself of the singularly fertile tract of alluvial land which has passed through so varied a course of agriculture and cultivation, but ample treasures await the individual who possesses such qualities.

The Pathology of Drunkenness; A view of the Operation of Ardent Spirits in the Production of Disease; founded on original observation and research. By Charles Wilson, M. D.

In a medical sense there is a good deal more than pathology in Dr. Charles Wilson's volume. He touches upon the habits which lead to intemperance; describes the gradual progress of the spirit-drinker, and the bodily sensations as well as the "symptoms" that accompany his vice till death in some form or other overtakes him. The strict pathology exhibits no exaggeration; perhaps there is no actual exaggeration in any part, for all the instances might be substantiated.—Still there appears the exaggeration of tone, which gregarious moralists generally fall into, more especially on the subject of temperance. The facts may be true; but the peculiar is treated as if it were the general. There is a good deal of curious matter in *The Pathology of Drunkenness*; some of it as intellectually strong, as the drams to which the doctor is so hostile.—*Spectator.*

THE NUMBER OF MILES OF RAILWAY now in operation in the world is 40,344, of which 21,528 miles are in the United States; 7,744 in Great Britain; 5,340 in Germany; 2,480 in France; 532 in Belgium; 422 in Russia; 179 in Italy; 75 in Sweden; 42 in Norway; 60 in Spain; 25 in Africa; 100 in India; 1,327 in British North America; 359 in Cuba; 60 in Panama; and 60 in South America.

From the Examiner.

Lives of the most Eminent English Poets, with Critical Observations on their Works. By Samuel Johnson. With Notes corrective and explanatory, by Peter Cunningham, F. S.A. Three vols. Murray.

We may take this for the classical edition of one of the best prose works in our language. It is the book edited as it deserves—indeed, as it required—to be; for there were errors to correct, there were dates and details to add, and such corrections and additions were to come from an editor who had not only a good general acquaintance with the matter in hand, but the means of making minute researches with which Johnson did not care to vex himself.

The three score and ten years of an energetic life were at an end, and it was from the first produce of those after-years which are but labor and sorrow to so many, that Johnson, by this work, enlarged his fame and enriched his country. He had reached the term of life when he who is wise may fairly, if he can, part labor and sorrow in his work; and Johnson, while engaged upon the writing of these *Lives of the Poets*, had a fair right to indulge in a little of that indolence over which he had earlier achieved so great a conquest in the composition of his Dictionary. It might seem amazing that a work like that, a miracle of individual sustained exertion, should have come from one who, its is said, was to be classed naturally among the most indolent men of his generation. But the indolence was of the body; the vigor and energy were of the mind and soul, and in these lived the man.

Then again, we are not altogether sure about this indolence of Johnson. He was essentially a thinker, as strictly a contemplative reasoner as Kant or Hegel, with the difference that he applied his reasoning immediately to the life by which he was surrounded; that he studied man in the most direct and obvious way (which we take also to be the truest); and displayed his highest reach of wisdom in biographies, instead of hiding it in verbose theories concerning human nature. Complete occupation of the mind begets apparent indolence of body; and Johnson, when, as he tells us, he "sat at home in Bolt court all the summer thinking to write the Lives, and a great part of the time only thinking," may have been, nevertheless, working as hard as any man, and to more purpose than most.

We do not regard these Lives as the less a body of mature philosophy because there is displayed in them their writer's character. It is not by an abstract being that men can be honestly discussed. We want, what we have here, a man speaking of men. In this work—which Johnson wrote in his best and least

artificial prose—there speaks a man who has grown old without losing the grace or wisdom proper to each stage of the life he has passed through. In him the qualities of youth did not perish when the full vigor of manhood came, but the wisdom brought by years of active observation became added, and did not banish the former. Room was found also for the dogmatism of experience. The prejudices that are a portion of the individual man, that partake of the energy belonging to his character, and acquire stiffness with age, combine with all his fine and noble parts as a philosopher. And there mingles with it yet more leaven. Johnson's individuality (take away a few to prove the rule, and it is so with all the greatest men) is strongly impressed with the individuality of his own age. His sympathies were largely taken up by what surrounded him, and we get not himself only, but to a certain extent even his times, in what he writes. He knew as much when he began the Lives with Cowley. So far back, and in that direction, all England in his day looked with ease. But Spenser belonged to a former world; and even the shrewd sense of Chaucer did not bring him fairly within Johnson's sphere.

So it was that he mistrusted his strong feelings when he brought his labors to a close among the lives of contemporaries. A wise instinct then caused him to hurry through the latter portion of his task. For another reason, no doubt, he was glad to include in his series Croft's Life of Young; but there was surely a generous consciousness of bitter feeling in himself which led him to ask Lord Lyttelton's brother for a sketch written under his own direction of that poet's life, reserving for himself only the criticism on his writings. In telling Mrs. Thrale of the refusal, he takes playful ground: "I sent," he says, "to Lord Westcote about his brother's Life; but he says he knows not whom to employ, and is sure I shall do him no injury. Here is an ingenious scheme to save a day's work, or a part of a day, utterly defeated. Then what avails it to be wise? The plain and the artful man must both do their own work. But I think I have got a Life of Dr. Young." Upon this Mr. Cunningham observes of Johnson, that "Failing in his endeavors to obtain a Life, he went to his task sullenly, and 'poor Lyttelton,' as he called him, suffered by the failure of the 'ingenious scheme.'" But we by no means think disappointed indolence sufficient motive for the tone of Johnson's short biography of Lyttelton. It was impossible to him to write, what would, as coming from him, be insincere. He had distrusted himself concerning Lyttelton, and expressed as much in his letter to Lord Westcote, when he said "my desire is to avoid offence," and proposed that his lordship should be answerable for the his-

torical account. Lord Westcote replied that he was sure Johnson "would do" his brother "no injury," and left him to perform the task. In performing it Johnson could not but be true to himself, and the result was what he had at first anticipated.

But though these Lives—true to Johnson—are not throughout true to other men, we do not the less hold them worthy to be ranked among the wisest, as they are surely the most delightful volumes of philosophy that ever have been written. The mistakes of Johnson are all clear and sensible. We understand at once, for example, by what prejudices he was shut out from a true view of the character of Milton. "Our hearts are not the worse for any animosities he may feel. If, too, he displays bitterness against Swift, he lets us see also how stoutly he endeavors, without saying what he does not think, to draw the sting from what appeared like personal resentment. He quotes Dr. Delany who is gentle where he should himself be harsh; and he entirely omits topics of great prominence upon which he could not touch without becoming bitterly severe.—Through all defects of his own character, Johnson steadily regarded one standard of the Right in man. It may have been refracted to his eye, and put into an apparent false position sometimes, by a passing mist of prejudice; but his regard was too persistent and too steady to mislead him in the main. And therefore nobody following Johnson through a sustained study of men's lives and writings, such as we have here, can fail to be the better for his wisdom. There will be left a deep impression of the wisdom of this guide, and, let us add, a no less deep conviction of his generosity.—Johnson had many prejudices but no littleness. Under a show of indolence lay the untiring vigor of his intellect. Under a show of brutishness lay the quick sensibilities of a most noble heart.

Looking at this last of Johnson's works in this way, we are not sorry that the moralist, whose mind was well stored with the main facts which he had to speak, sat down almost without books of reference to pour out, at three score and ten, the wisdom of his own life over these Lives of Poets. His strict sense of justice causes him, in giving information, to acknowledge every authority that if not named by him would be unknown; but beyond that he makes no citation. He deals in his own way with life and thought, for the delight and the instruction of his countrymen. In so doing he errs sometimes as to dates, and omits dates that we should like to know; he forgets how many books Cowley wrote of his epic; he confounds Dryden's "King Arthur" with Albion and Albanus; he makes Lord Rosecommon live into King James's reign; he calls Lord Rochester's daughter his sister, and

so forth. This want of minute accuracy causes it to be desirable, for the perfecting of Johnson's Lives, that they should be well edited, and of the qualifications of their present editor we cannot speak with too much satisfaction. He tells us that he has for twenty years aspired to do what he has here done. For so many years he has been laying up material. Wrong dates and statements of fact Mr. Cunningham has corrected, not dogmatically, but by the production of the right authority in foot-notes. His share of the work is thus made to abound in highly interesting matter, gathered evidently with much pains, during all those years of watchfulness, for any bit of reading that would help to illustrate the text he had in mind. Poet's wills have been sought and examined, and many other sources of new information have been used with the best result. Unpublished letters from Swift, Prior, Akenside, and others, now appear for the first time. It would be a long task, in short, to point out only the most prominent points in the biographies which receive through the skill and industry of Mr. Cunningham fresh illustration.

But let us add, that, apart from their great value as corrections, illustrations, and enlargements of the text, Mr. Cunningham's store of notes forms a body of matter having very great intrinsic interest in itself. They display a vast amount of careful reading, and though some of them could be spared as illustration, few could be spared as matter of gratification to the reader. The worst may serve as admirable literary conversation germane to the subject. Here, for example, is a pleasant illustration added in a note to the mention of Pope's use of Riches.

I remember Mr. Pope's repeating to my father and me, in his library at Twickenham, four verses designed for his "Epistle on Riches," which were an exquisite description of an old lady dying, and just raising herself up, and blowing out a little end of a candle that stood by her bedside with her last breath. These verses are not in the printed edition.—*Richardsoniana*, 8vo, 1776, p 221.

Many of the new letters are extremely good, and from one of those addressed by Swift to Arbuthnot, which now appear for the first time, we extract an excellent account of the Dean's life in Dublin, written in or about the year 1773.

The great reason that hinders my journey to England, is the same that drives you from Highgate: I am not in circumstances to keep horses and servants in London. My revenues, by the miserable oppressions of this kingdom, are sunk £300 a year, for tithes are become a drudg, and I have but little rents from the Deanery lands which are my only sure payments. I have here

a large convenient house; I live at two-thirds cheaper here than I could there; I drink a bottle of French wine myself every day, though I love it not; but it is the only thing that keeps me out of pain. I ride every fair day a dozen miles, on a large strand or turnpike-road. You in London have no such advantages. I can buy a chicken for a groat, and entertain three or four friends with as many dishes, and two or three bottles of French wine for ten shillings. When I dine alone, my pint and chicken with the appendices cost me about fifteenpence. I am thrifty in everything but wine, of which, though I be not a constant house-keeper, I spend between five and six hogsheads a year. When I ride to a friend a few miles off, if he be not richer than I, I carry my bottle, my bread, and chicken, that he may be no loser. I talk thus foolishly to let you know the reasons which, joined to my ill-health, make it impossible for me to see you and my other friends. And perhaps this domestic tattle may excuse me, and amuse you. I could not live with my Lord Bo—or Mr. Pope: they are both too temperate and too wise for me, and too profound and too poor. And how could I afford horses? and how could I ride over their cursed roads in winter, and be turned into a ditch by every cart or hackney coach? Every parish minister of this city is governor of all carriages, and so are the

two Deans; and every carter, etc., makes way for us at their peril. Therefore, like Cesar, I will be one of the first here rather than the last among you. I forget that I am so near the bottom, I am now with one of my Prebendaries five miles in the country, for five days. I brought with me eight bottles of wine, with bread and meat for three days, which is my club: he is a bachelor, with £300 a year.

A large portion of Mr. Cunningham's new information occurs in the third volume, which has just appeared; and to this volume is also appended a good index to the entire work.

We cannot close our notice of this publication without again directing attention to the remarkable cheapness of the handsome series of British Classics to which it belongs. By far the handsomest library edition of the Lives of the Poets that has ever yet been published—to speak of it only as a piece of book-seller's work—a set of three, capacious, well filled volumes, costs no more than the two volumes of a novel. Style of publication being properly compared with price, Mr. Murray's Series form indeed, as we have said before, the cheapest books of the day.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble's reading of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, at Exeter Hall on Monday evening, drew as great an audience as when the *Messiah* or *Elijah* is performed there: a strong proof of progress in the intellectual and artistic tastes of the public, for the entertainment was void of any vulgar theatrical attraction. Mendelssohn's music—performed, under Benedict's direction, by as fine an orchestra and chorus as London could produce—afforded as refined an enjoyment as the reading itself. All the world knows how beautiful that music is, but an English audience has never had such a lively perception of its exquisitely dramatic character as when it was thus brought into immediate contact with the objects it was designed to illustrate. Even the overture was not listened to in the same way as when performed at a concert. Everybody, with the play full in their minds, caught at once the Shakspearean images which it so vividly suggests; and as the play proceeded, each successive piece, falling into its proper place—the night-scene of the sleeping lovers in the wood, the choral song of the Fairies to their Queen, the joyous bridal festivities—reflected and heightened the feelings roused by the poetry as it flowed from the lips of the fair and accomplished reader. The audience were enthusiastic, and well they might be. The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is not an acting-play: its ethereal creations cannot be clothed in gross corporeal forms; they are addressed to the imagination, not the bodily sense; and therefore reading is better than impracticable representation. But there is sympathy in a crowd, and an

assemblage are strongly excited by what would scarcely move a single individual. A reading of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as a social entertainment, will give us greater enjoyment than in the solitude of our chamber; and such an entertainment, moreover, can bring into combination the poetry of Shakspeare with the music of Mendelssohn.—*Spectator*, 10 Feb.

The Poets and Poetry of Europe, with Introductions and Biographical notices. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 8vo. pp. 479.

After a lapse of ten years, it was quite time that there should be a re-issue of this work. We salute it with all welcome. It comes from our own favorite poet, rich with his Foreign learning and with the names and jewels of a multitude of the children of song from every part of the Elder continent. We have specimens here, from various translating hands, of the Anglo Saxon, the Icelandic, the Danish, the Swedish, the German, the Dutch, the French, the Italian, the Spanish, and the Portuguese poetry. The introductions to each literature, and the biographical sketches—many of which were written by Prof. Felton, are full of interesting instruction.

With its vast store of materials, having something for the gratification of every refined taste, it deserves to be treasured as a book of reference by all who take a hearty interest in European letters.—*Christian Examiner*.

From the Atheneum.

Horses and Hounds. A Practical Treatise on their Management. By Scrutator. Routledge & Co.

Hints on Shooting and Fishing, etc., both on Sea and Land, and in the Fresh-water Lochs of Scotland. Being the Experiences of Christopher Idle, Esq. Longman & Co.

SCRUTATOR's book—and a good gossiping, clever book it is—on horses and hounds, has recalled to our recollection the witty saying of old Bishop Camus : “*Sil n'est chasse que de vieux chiens, il n'est chasse que de vieux saints!*”—“Old dogs in the field and old saints in the shrine : *those* suit the huntsman, and *these* the divine.” Upon the subject of hounds—and especially upon the merits of old ones, and the training of young—Scrutator enlarges with an enthusiasm and a good humor that can only be imagined by those who reside near “kennels,” and who live and ride in hunting counties. Nor less learned and entertaining is he on the subject of the horse,—his ways, powers, temper, and caprices. We take horses and hounds to be as exclusively English in one way as madrigals and glees are in another. Out of England they are not properly understood ; nor in England, by foreigners, are they properly appreciated. Bulwer tells us of a French Count who was sojourning at the mansion of a sporting squire, and who being asked one morning if he were not going out with the hounds, simply, significantly, and conclusively remarked —“*J' ai été !*” No answer could more truly convey the disgust of a stranger, not accustomed to ride over ridge and furrow, double-banked ditches, and five-barred gates, at our national sport. However, it is this sport which has enabled the English gentry to excel all the world in equitation. The Tartar, who both rides and eats his horse, has not better seat in the saddle than an English gentleman ; and for a hypochondriac there is no medicine (if he have only courage enough to take it) like keeping the saddle for two or three hours, and following the hounds from the covert side to the “Whoop hoop !”

Scrutator, of course, only talks of the horse as gentlemen are wont to talk of him after dinner, at the end of a long day's successfully terminated *run*. A writer especially devoted to this noble animal might have looked at his subject a little more widely. The horse, indeed, is “national” with us in more places than the field. The deities of our Saxon ancestors were as fast riders as any of their descendants, who have run, in their day, with Lord Harewood's hounds. These mounted gods rode foremost in each battle, and none but priests groomed the foaming steeds on their return to the sacred stables.

It is singular how saddle-room traditions of to-day may be traced back to the age of the sacred steeds of the Anglo-Saxons. Thus of old, when our fiery forefathers meditated a fray, the holy horse was trotted forth from the solemn stall ; and if, on issuing therefrom, he put his right foot forward first, the fact was held as promise of a victory ; but if the left, or, to speak by the card, the “near” foot first appeared over the threshold, then nothing but ill luck was augured, and heavy were the hearts of the desponding warriors. With the terrible White Horse of Swantowith we will not meddle ; but we may notice of those well-known chiefs Hengist and Horsa, that they were, in sober truth, simply nothing more than the progenitors of the various tribes of horse-dealers. Their names imply *mare* and *horse*,—and they probably dealt in the respective articles. For they were Westphalians,—and what were the West Phali, as honest Hearne somewhere asks, but the Phali, phalin, or fools, famous near the River Weser, and giving a name and armorial bearings to the landed gentry who resided in the vicinity ? Our cream-colored horses which draw the carriages and sacred persons of sovereigns are probably descendants by tradition of the white horse, which was once as sacred to royalty as the white elephant in Siam. The *White Horse* over our inn-doors is, we believe, the remnant of a compliment originally paid to the House of Hanover when it succeeded to the throne of these realms ; the horse of that color being the badge of that House.

English eccentricity has often enough been displayed in the matter of the horse. Lord Portland, of William the Third's time, used to give his stud concerts ! But this can hardly be called *English* eccentricity, for the noble Lord was not our fellow countryman ; and it was at his Villa in Holland, as Hawkins relates in his “History of Music,” that M. le Freneuse saw the gallery in which “concerts were given once a week to the horses to cheer them, which they did, and the horses seemed to be greatly delighted therewith.” It was a worse sort of eccentricity which sent Lord Rochester's horse to be baited to death by dogs at the Bankside. It is common to English complacency to boast that no horses of the olden time could perform what modern English-bred horses can ; but this is a vain boast. Gibbon speaks, with authority, of horses badly wounded carrying their Imperial masters safe through the terrors of the triple phalanx ; and we think that the horses which carried Cortez and his cavalry on the terrible field of Otumba were as gallant steeds as any to be found at the present day. This subject of past and present merit enables us to cite a passage from “Scrutator's” book, which is not without a certain historical interest :—

"Hounds are not so much faster now-a-days than they were formerly, but the system is faster. I know this is debatable ground, and I shall probably be laughed at for such a remark. But let the fast men of the present day try the experiment; let them match two couples of their fastest hounds against time, over the Beacon Course, at Newmarket, and see if they can beat Mr. Barry's Bjuccap, who, in the famous match with Mr. Meynell's hounds, ran the four miles in a few seconds over eight minutes. Colonel Thornton's bitch, Merkin, is said to have run the same distance in seven minutes and half a second! Beat this, my fast young brother fox-hunters of the present day, and then laugh if you can!"

"What also is the comparative speed of the race-horse then and now? To all the sporting world, the names of Eclipse and Flying Childers must be familiar, and of the latter I find it recorded, 'That in October, 1722, he beat Lord Drogheda's Chaunter (previously the best horse of the day), six miles, ten stone each, for one thousand guineas. He had already, at six years old, run a trial against Almanzor and the Duke of Rutland's Brown Betty, nine stone two pounds each, over the round course at Newmarket, three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards, which distance he ran in six minutes and forty seconds: to perform which he must have moved eighty-two feet and a half in one second of time, or nearly after the rate of one mile in a minute. He likewise ran over the Beacon course,—four miles, one furlong, one hundred and thirty-eight yards, in seven minutes and thirty seconds!!'

"It is reported that Flying Childers did not race until six years old, and that his extraordinary speed and power were first discovered in a *severe fox-chase*, so that we have here the fact of the fastest thorough-bred horse of his day being taken from the hunting field to the course at Newmarket; and if such a horse was the only one to live with the hounds to the end of the run, which is also related, it is a pretty good proof that the speed of the fox-hounds in those times was not of that contemptible order which our present fast men are pleased to assign to them. This may be called an isolated case; but I have good reason for believing, that among the first riders of the past generation, thorough-bred horses were generally used, equal in speed, if not superior in stoutness, to those of the present day; and that there was no lack of thorough-bred stock in this country during the past century, may be gathered from the fact, that in the year 1777 there were no less than eighty-nine stallions advertised. How is it, then, that we hear so much of these fast bursts, day by day almost, with fox-hounds in the fast countries, of which so little has been said or written in reference to packs of the past generation: simply because the system of fox-hunting has been completely altered; certainly, in this particular point, not improved?"

"We all allow and call this pursuit of the fox a science; neither is this a misnomer, when we take into consideration the tact, talent and knowledge which are requisite in a huntsman, to carry him successfully through a long and arduous chase; but for a quick burst of fifteen or twenty minutes, going away from a patch of gorse or small spinney, close at the fox's brush, there is no science in this, it is a mere rattling gallop at the tail of the hounds, which a well-mounted stable-boy, who can ride well, is as likely to see the end of, as the most clever huntsman; all that is here required is horsemanship, not head."

Christopher Idle's volume is a pleasant record of experiences, particularly of certain sporting incidents in France. These are told well. French "sport" is a comical matter. One instance must suffice:—

"The moment a Frenchman has killed a jack-snipe, you will hear him calling to his dog at the very top of his voice to bring his 'game'—*'Apporte vite à ton maître! vite apporte!'*—and if the dog does not take the right direction, you will hear a considerable portion of that part of a Frenchman's vocabulary which commences with *sacré nom*, etc.; and as your attention will be naturally directed to the quarter from whence the noise proceeds, you will sometimes observe the man and dog both running, the man persevering in his address to his dog—*'Apporte, sacré nom!'*—and perhaps the dog giving tongue (this I have witnessed), the consequence of which is that the dog generally flushes five or six snipes before the unfortunate jack is found; and when this is accomplished, and the jack deposited in the *carnassière*, or game-bag, without which appendage no French *chasseur* takes the field,—then, and not till then, does the Frenchman think of reloading his gun, which of course had the opportunity, from the moist atmosphere of the *marais*, of getting tolerably well damp, which is followed by an endless number of misfires (accompanied by an additional quantity of *sacré nom*, etc.), which are attributed to the caps, and not to this unsportsmanlike mode of proceeding. The vexation and annoyance, as well as loss of sport, which would be occasioned by a brace of such sportsmen in a marsh full of snipes, can be more readily imagined than described; and this has very often been my fate. However, French sportsmen are always very courteous and polite, and never offer you any intentional annoyance—at least, I never experienced any during the many years I shot in France."

These volumes will be well bestowed on the shelves of a sportsman's library; and there is, moreover, much in them that will amuse the general reader.

From The Athenaeum.

The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington. By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. 3 vols. Newby.

THIS "Literary Life" will be found an embarrassing book. Many of those connected with light literature and fine arts in London during the past twenty years will feel, while they read, as if the turning of the next page must reveal some undertaking or social pleasure of yesterday in which they themselves had part, so largely and so generously did Lady Blessington exercise hospitality and indulge in delicate and gracious acts of kindness to persons of the class in question. To such intimate and immediate reminiscences we shall not grow reconciled—let them become ever so much the fashion of the day and the rule of the biographer. In the "Life of Lord Jeffrey," as our readers may remember, we had calculations concerning the gains or losses of living authors—and printed letters of condolence on private bereavements, of which the shadow had scarcely passed. This Biography of Lady Blessington is calculated to excite painful feelings of a similar character. We deal sharply with those travellers who make market of the dinner-parties and "drums" of London to the Transatlantic newspapers:—but are our own hands white?—Books like the one before us tell another story. They may not be—this is not—conceived in a mischievous spirit; yet still, whatever their execution, they cannot fail to cause uneasiness.—Some of Lady Blessington's correspondents, whose letters to her Dr. Madden has here printed, with disparaging comments of his own, are still alive. Others, again, are persons who cannot have anticipated public exposure of the pleasantries or pathos which they flung off unreservedly to one whose gracious welcome of everything meant to please her—and whose patience with every one whom she could befriend—encouraged confidence.—There may be reasons in the present case why publication should be precipitated; but, we repeat, the book is embarrassing.

In another point, to which we must allude, a Biography of Lady Blessington is a task of singular delicacy which had better have been deferred. In the *Athenaeum* of the 9th of June, 1849, while we announced her death in a few hasty paragraphs (courteously quoted by Dr. Madden), it was said, that "into the causes which limited her gifts and graces within a narrower sphere than they might otherwise have commanded, we have no commission to enter." We wish that this feeling had been shared by others. Concerning certain matters, it were well for writers, who must think of the living, even when they would deal most gently by the dead, to be silent. But when

we notice a Biography, in which these matters are at once awkwardly hinted at and transparently glossed over, silence becomes more damaging than helpful to the deceased, as well as to the living.

Lady Blessington was throughout her life exposed to an exaggerated amount of harsh construction, which, however, had its root and its reason in the story of her early years. She was married when very young—was soon separated from her husband, and the interval betwixt their separation and her second marriage was not clear of reproach. This second marriage was a rich, splendid, but peculiar one, and its sequel of circumstance afforded precisely those points of attack which are most precious to curious and thoughtless persons. The censors, falling back on what no one could deny, triumphantly built up, and colored at their will, a history of motives, adventures, follies and worse, out of the circumstances of Lady Blessington's position as a widow. But the task of separating truth from falsehood would involve a hearing of testimonies which no living jury would be patient and kindly enough to weigh. For another reason, every attempt at biographical minuteness, apology,—still more, mystification,—in such a case is a mistake. There are those living who would gladly forget the past,—there are those who have not forgiven it,—and this is as well known to Dr. Madden as to ourselves. The knowledge might have made him pause, and finally decide on giving merely a literary life and correspondence of the fascinating and kind-hearted lady, without any weary resuscitation of marriage-settlements and wills, and trials, and schedules of debts, and intimations of private sorrows and private wrongs, and partial glimpses of the "skeleton in the closet."

Having said thus much, we shall deal with this book in a fragmentary fashion. Too large an amount of extraneous matter has been introduced into its pages. There is no attempt at arrangement; and how insufficient is Dr. Madden's knowledge, and how hasty his inaccuracy, may be inferred from his speaking of one of Lady Blessington's friends, who is still alive, actively enjoying literary interest, and dispensing beneficent hospitality,—in such retrospective and conjectural language as belongs to those who have passed away. We may have to cite other errors as we proceed. Further, the press has been so carelessly corrected as to make a rectifying pencil perpetually necessary. Yet as it stands, with its faults and exuberances of every kind, the book is rich in matter which must interest for the moment, and will furnish its quota of anecdote to the literary records of the first half of this century.

Dr. Madden's notices of Lord Blessington,

and of the lying-in-state of his first Lady in Dublin—"under a velvet pall of the finest texture, embroidered in gold and silver, which had been purchased in France for the occasion, and had recently been used at a public funeral in Paris of great pomp and splendor, that of Marshal Duroc"—remind us that this fantastic and extravagant nobleman is said to have been the original of *Lord Rosbrin*, in Lady Morgan's "Florence Macarthy." His private theatricals, too, at Rash, in Tyrone, merited honorable mention in Moore's *Review* article on the subject.

About 1807, he expended a great deal of money in enlarging the offices, building an extensive kitchen and wine cellars, and erecting a spacious and elegantly decorated theatre, and providing "properties," and a suitable wardrobe of magnificent theatrical dresses for it. The professional actors and actresses were brought down by his Lordship, for the private theatricals at Mountjoy Forest, from Dublin, and some even from London. But there were amateur performers also, and two of the old tenants remember seeing his Lordship act "some great parts;" but what they were, or whether of a tragic or a comic nature, they cannot say, they only knew "he was thought a fine actor, and the dresses he wore were very grand and fine." The ladies who acted were always actresses from the Dublin theatres, and during the performances at Rash, his Lordship had them lodged at the house of the school-mistress, in the demesnes near the avenue leading to the house. The "Quality," who came down and remained at Rash during the performances, which generally lasted for three or four weeks each year, were entertained with great hospitality by his Lordship. The expenditure was profuse in the extreme for their entertainment, and the fitting up and furnishing of places of temporary accommodation for them during their brief sojourn. The dwelling house of Rash was more a large cottage, with some remains of an older structure, than a nobleman's mansion.

There was an Irish close to the absurd and disproportionate pageant,—type, it might be added, of much that subsequently befell the pomps and glories of Lord Blessington's wealth:—

"The house became in a short time so dilapidated, as to be unfit to live in. His Lordship gave directions to have extensive repairs and additions made to a thatched house of middle size, about a quarter of mile distant from Rash. The furniture was removed to this place, which Lord Blessington called "the Cottage," and the old home at Rash was left to go to ruin. When I visited the place recently, nothing remained but some vestiges of the kitchen and the cellars. The theatre had utterly disappeared, and nothing could be more desolate than the site of it. The grounds and garden had been broken up, the trees had been all cut down in the vicinity. Here and

there, trunks and branches, yet unremoved, were lying on the ground. The stumps of the felled trees, in the midst of the *debris* of scattered timber, gave an unpleasant and uncouth aspect to a scene, that had some melancholy interest in it for one who had known the noble owner of this vast property."

In Dr. Madden's account of Lord and Lady Blessington's Italian journey—during which he made their acquaintance—the meeting with Byron, which served to introduce the Lady prominently into authorship, makes a handsome figure,—thanks, chiefly, to quotations of the best passages in the Lady Blessington's book. In the second volume, however, where a considerable space is devoted to *La Contessa Guiccioli* (now *Marquise de Boissy*) the amount of the Irish Lady's opportunities for observation is curiously diminished by the following statement:—

"Lady Blessington's intimacy with Byron was only for a period of two months, and during those two months, I am informed by the Countess Guiccioli (now Marquise de Boissy) that the interviews between Lady Blessington and Byron did not exceed five or six; and that the feelings of friendship entertained by his Lordship were not of that very ardent nature which would have prevented him from indulging in his favorite propensity of bewildering his *entourage*, by giving expression to satirical observations even on a friend on whom he had written such eulogistic verses as he had composed for the Countess of Blessington."* * Lady Blessington courted the society of Madame Guiccioli, it is true, showed her great civility, and made a great deal of her in the *salons*; but any little peculiarities of the Italian lady were seized hold of eagerly, and made the most of in society, and laughed at in it. Like most Italian women, Madame Guiccioli has very little comprehension of badinage or irony in conversation. The Guiccioli could not understand anything like a joke; she could bear with any neglect, or even a slight, provided it extended not to Byron's memory. Lady Blessington, who delighted in certain kinds of mystification in a sportive humor, mischief malien of a playful sort, used sometimes to take advantage of Madame Guiccioli's simplicity and amusing peculiarities, her exaggerated ideas of Italian superiority in all matters of refinement, her invincible persuasion that Italians exceeded all other Europeans in genius, virtue, and patriotism, to enter into arguments at variance with her notions, and to propound strong opinions unfavorable to the people, culture, and climate of Italy."

The following story, too, is amusing, though we should have been glad to see the name of "one who has a good knowledge":—

"It must also be observed, that the interview with her Ladyship is described as having been sought by Lord Byron. It is more than pro-

bable, however, a little *ruse* was practised on his Lordship to obtain it. It is stated by one who has good knowledge of all the circumstances of this visit, that a rainy forenoon was selected for the drive to Byron's villa. That shelter was necessitated, and that necessity furnished a plea for a visit would not have been without some awkwardness under other circumstances. Lord Blessington having been admitted at once, on presenting himself at Byron's door, was on the point of taking his departure, apologizing for the brevity of the visit, on account of Lady Blessington being left in an open carriage in the courtyard, the rain then falling, when Byron immediately insisted on descending with Lord Blessington, and conducting her Ladyship into his house."

This anecdote is, of its order, a *pendant* to the well-known enterprise of the French Lady who, despairing of otherwise obtaining access to Mr. *Mississippi* Law, when that financier was in the flood-tide of his popularity, directed her coachman to overturn her carriage in the Rue Quincampoix, "over against" his residence.

The reminiscences of these Genoa days and Byron, of course, include the English poet's well-recollected mention of Count d'Orsay and his commendations of that MS. Diary kept by the young "*De Grammont redivivus*," which from the day when Moore's "*Life*" was published, so sharpened public curiosity and expectation. In that journal a lively picture of the dandy days of English high-life was said to exist, as bright and pointed as those chronicles of *la Blanche Wetenhall* and *la Belle Muskerly*—which, in some sense, have made the Beauties of Charles the Second classical heroines. Brilliant and shrewd any journal kept by Count d'Orsay must have been; though, possibly, in his compliments, Byron may have somewhat exaggerated his admiration, according to his usage; but the author of the "*Literary Life*" before us gives a death-blow to curiosity, by stating that Count d'Orsay's Diary exists no more, having been burnt by its writer some years since. If this be the case, it should have been added, that the MS. was destroyed in no fit of spleen (for never was diarist, to the last, less splenetic than Count d'Orsay;) but out of gentlemanly regard for the society in which, long after the journal of a passing stranger was written, its writer made himself at home. Yet more, it cannot have been burnt without cogent temptations offered to its writer to adopt the contrary course. We believe that during the later part of Count d'Orsay's residence in England, when his embarrassments were notorious, he might again and again have coined money on the pages of a manuscript reputed (on no less an authority than Byron's) to be so piquant. We have heard him again and again declare that he never would "sell the people at whose houses he had dined!"

and think it possible that the Diary may have been destroyed by himself, in order to render all temptation impossible.—

What's done we partly can compute,
But know not what's resisted.

Among other residents in Italy who gathered around Lady Blessington, Dr. Madden (whose own acquaintance with her began during that period) makes honorable mention of the quaint, learned humorist, Mr. Mathias, author of "*The Pursuits of Literature*" and a translation into Italian of Beattie's "*Minstrel*";—Dr. Millingen, the antiquary,—and the venerable and gracious Archbishop of Tarentum, whose courtesies and whose cats make a figure in the pages of almost every tourist who has written of society in Italy since the century began. Who has forgotten the chaplain's solemn answer at an Arch-Episcopal dinner-party, when, on the host inquiring whether his tortoise-shell favorites were served to their liking, the attendant replied, "*Desdemona* will wait for the roasts"?—But the liveliest of the circle was Sir William Gell, whose letters figure brightly in the second volume. The history of "*The English in Italy*" (and a curious book of *virtù* and anecdote might be written with such a title) will not be complete without liberal extracts from this correspondence, with its references to Sir William Drummond at Monte Cassino,—to Mrs. Dodwell's dazzling beauty,—to the Hon. Keppel Craven's hospitalities in "the tremendous large old convent," which Sir William maintained he inhabited half out of perversity,—to the delicious *malaprop* of that Irish lady, who talked (among other wonders) of the "*liquidation*" of the blood of St. Januaris. But the above are somewhat local and dowager topics:—of more general interest is the following, from a letter addressed to Lady Blessington in the year 1833:—

"At this moment, I received a little work of a few pages from the Archbishop upon Cats, on the occasion of a cat's mummy brought for him from Egypt by a friend of mine, Dr. Hogg, who is just come from that country. The good old soul is really very little altered since you saw him, though he is now ninety-one; but I cannot imagine how the machine is to go on much longer. He desires one thousand loves to you, and I am to take the Bulwer to dine with him shortly, though I fear if he is not quick at Italian, he will scarcely become very intimate, as I observed Walter Scott and Monsignore did not make it out very well together, for the Archbishop will not take the trouble to talk much or long together in French. By-the-by, I observed to you that my life of Walter Scott in Italy, which I wrote by the desire of Miss Scott, was very entertaining in its way, and I sent it to Mr. L. by Mr. Hamilton. He has never, however, thanked me for it, nor

even acknowledged the receipt of it, nor sent me Sir Walter's works, which he ordered for me with almost the last sentence he uttered that was intelligible, and if it does not appear in the work, it will be really worth publishing, and I shall send it to you."

These letters contain more concerning the Gell MS. furnished to the Author of "The Life of Scott," with the reception of which, by that gentleman, Sir William seems to have been anything rather than content, *vide* the following passage from a letter written in 1834:—

As to Mr. L——, I fear much that he is not good for much, and I am certain he got the work, for I sent it to Mr. William Hamilton, who gave it with a request that he would not omit a word of it in printing. I kept a copy of it, however, and I will send it to you. There are no remarks, except such as tend to explain away and render less ridiculous the total want of classical taste, and knowledge of the hero, in a situation full of classical recollections, and which I have added, that I might not seem insensible to his real merits. They were written for the family, and by the desire of Miss Scott herself, and therefore nothing offensive could have been inserted; and when I had finished the anecdotes, I was surprised myself at the number of circumstances I had recollectcd, and perceived that the account of the last days of so distinguished a person was really interesting, when told with strict regard to truth. The circumstances of his illness having changed his mind, or deprived it of its consistency, which I myself much doubt, might be judged of from his way of treating the subjects of conversation which presented themselves, and this alone would be of consequence to his numerous friends. I think it scarcely possible that any of those most attached to him could be displeased at my manner of representing him, and at all events, I have repeated what he said, and related what he did in Italy, in a way that satisfied every one here, who was the witness of his sayings and doings. However, I shall send the copy to you, and if the life is published by the said L——, without use and acknowledgment of my papers, the best way will be to sell it to the bookseller, and let it come before the public. I will affix, or rather prefix, Miss S——'s request, that I would write it, and will suppose that the original had been lost or mislaid, in consequence of her premature decease. In this case, I shall beg of you to make the most advantageous bargain you can, for a poor author under your protection.

Under the idea broached in the last passage, of publishing his Recollections of Sir Walter in Italy in a separate form, Sir William, in a later letter still, begged Lady Blessington to introduce the following anecdote, which is in every way characteristic:—

On our return to the Palazzo Caramanico, we passed Mr. Laing Mason in the street, and this

brought to Sir Walter's mind the refutation of the antiquity of Mepherson's Ossian by Mr. Laing, who had shown that the names of the heroes were taken from the map, I think, of the channel between the Isle of Skye and the main land. "One of these names," said he, "happens to have been given in the last century, and the date of that is well known." Mr. Laing knew those countries well, and his proof was striking and satisfactory. I think he said Mr. Laing came originally from Orkney, and he added, "I once went to see him, and carried over in my boat a faggot of sticks for the peas in his garden, which were reckoned there a great curiosity." He said, however, that elders would grow, and that the face of the country might be improved by them. From this he was led to compare the once flourishing state of those islands with their present forlorn appearance, and observed, that "to a people from the farthest north, these might perhaps have seemed the abodes of the blessed. They were certainly, said he, esteemed holy, and there was a great circular building like Stonehenge, and not far from Kirkwall, which proved the importance of the place. Saying this, he searched for, and presented to me, a pencil drawing of the temple, which I preserve and highly value. It is entitled, "Standing Stones of Stenhouse in Orkney," and has on the back inscribed the name of J. Keene, Esq., by whom it was probably drawn. Sir Walter mentioned another pillar, called the stone of Odin, which is perforated, and afterwards descended on the ordeal, by which persons accused of crime were deemed innocent, if capable of passing through this species of aperture, in very remote ages."

We already knew how strong the love of home was in the Scottish poet; and can easily conceive how one so imbued with Southern *dilettantism* (the inevitable condition apparently of a protracted residence in Italy) as Sir William Gell, may have been a sarcastic, rather than a sympathetic, observer of a guest, so pre-occupied and so little flexible. But on all occasions there seems to have been an extra drop or two of vitriol in Gell's ink; as, for instance, in the following passages, where he alludes to the possibility of his writing his own memoirs:—

"By living partly in London and partly abroad, I have certainly met with, and have known, a great variety of personages, not to mention Dr. Parr and the Queen, of whose life and manners I could certainly make very good fun and much amusement; but I must treat them in a very different manner to that in which I measured my account of Sir Walter for the inspection of his family. I have a neighbor who often desires me, and urges me to write my life; but I really do not see the possibility of making it true and entertaining, without committing half my acquaintance. I have some sixty or seventy letters of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Caroline;— and 'Mein Gott!' what curious things they are, and how rightly it would serve the royal family,

supposing they had not quarrelled with her, to publish their wife and cousin's correspondence, as they have cheated me out of my pension."

The following anecdote is short and sharp enough:—

"Dear Gell, I send you my friend Mr. —; you will find him the greatest bore and the most disputatious brute you ever knew. Pray ask him to dinner, and get any one you know of the same character to meet him."—This was brought me by the man himself, and I found him in every way answering to the character.

It should be recollected, in conclusion, that Gell was tempted to the indulgence of the humor which speaks out in the above,—not merely by the training which he must have acquired in the years when he served a royal mistress whom he despised,—but also from the influence of long-protracted bodily suffering. His later years were passed in martyrdom from gout and rheumatism.

There are some plausible letters from Count Matuschewitz, written in wonderfully good English; others from Prince Schwartzenberg, who made use of the *nom-de-guerre* of Capt. Wolf, after the safe fashion of old-fashioned Austrian diplomacy. To these follow some letters and a notice of that finished gentleman, the late Duke of Ossuna, prefaced with the somewhat astounding remark, that "the present Duke has inherited all that was his brother's except his intelligence"—which, we submit, is tolerably personal as applied to a gentleman at present circulating in London society.—Dr. Madden does scanty justice to the dead as well as to the living. The polished breeding which distinguished the late Duke of Ossuna was remarkable enough to merit especial commemoration. How completely, but how courteously, he contrasted with the members of the circle into which he was thrown in England; and how he "held his own" with a quiet ease, independent of commanding intellectual superiority, will not be forgotten by any one accustomed to study what is called "manner" who saw him in society. It was he who, when pressed by an English nobleman with some inquiry more close than considerate as to the exact amount of his vast fortune, replied, with a polite smile, "My Lord, I do not understand your English money."

M. Eugène Sue, characterized as "a strange compound of credulity and imposition,"—M. le Vicomte d'Arlinecourt, whose letters are endorsed by Dr. Madden as about "the most remarkable specimen's of intense literary vanity" and "consummate self-conceit" (!) which any language affords,—MM. Casimir Delavigne and Alfred de Vigny (the last mere

passing acquaintances) fill sundry pages. After these comes an elaborate and not very living picture of *La Contessa Guiccioli*, whose self and present husband are spoken of with as curious and critical a coolness as if both were defunct or a pair of waxen celebrities in the Tussund gallery. In this "article," however, we find a pair of stanzas by Byron, which "we tell as they are told to us."—

"Four years previously to July, 1819, Byron had met with some loss, which he made the subject of lines of much beauty and pathos, that are not to be found in his collected published works. These lines throw some light on the apparent indifference which Byron was in the habit of exhibiting, on occasions of separation by death or other causes, from those he loved; and especially on the occasion of his parting with Madame Guiccioli, at the period of his embarkation for Greece.—

Stanzas, by Lord Byron.

I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss with scarce a sigh;
And yet thouwert surpassing dear—
Too loved of all to die.
I know not what hath seared mine eye
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its lids deny,
Falls dreary on my heart.

Yes—deep and heavy, one by one,
They sink and turn to care;
As caverned waters wear the stone,
Yet dropping harden there—
They cannot petrify more fast,
Than feelings sunk remain,
Which coldly fixed, regard the past,
But never melt again.

—The above lines were obtained from the late Mr. R. A. Davenport, compiler of a Dictionary of Biography, and author of several works, who had the kindness to communicate them to my publisher, with a note, wherein he said:—"These lines are in Lord Byron's own handwriting. I received them from him, along with another poem, in 1815. I add the seal and postmark, in confirmation of my statement.

R. A. DAVENPORT."

Not without protest do we read another "Memoir of L. E. L.", which is mainly devoted to a fresh raking-up (as it were) of the dust among which she lies, without any clear light being thrown upon the circumstances of her sudden death. Will there never be an end of these cruel surmises—these unproved accusations? The letters from Miss Landon to Lady Blessington are merely heart-warm acknowledgments of service rendered her on the occasion of an election to the Secretaryship of the Literary Fund. Some book in which Lady Blessington was concerned had been critically disparaged by Miss Landon—but

this was forgotten by the former when a case occurred in which she could help a literary contemporary. Remembrance of the matter, however, may have added earnestness to her expressions of affectionate thankfulness :—for she was visited by compunctions as impulsive as the praise or blame commanded from her pen had been mechanical. During this very Literary Fund canvass, when a stranger called on her with some slight information of service to the cause she had at heart. Miss Landon burst into sudden tears, exclaiming—“*O, you don't know the unkind things I have said about you in print!*” Her notes here published are painful in the excess of their gratitude. Lady Blessington, Dr. Madden adds, gave him the commission, on his departing for Cape Coast, to erect a monument there to poor Mrs. MacLean at her expense. In this, however, he was anticipated.—Among these “Memorials,” too, is a musical “lament” in verse on her death, given as copied in the handwriting of Mr. Landor, which we rather believe may be the composition of Miss Theodosia Garrow.—Dr. Madden might further have given as an illustration of the humor of one whose name fills a large space in these pages, the manner in which the one authoress was pointed out to the other, at a very early stage of their correspondence, before they had met personally. The place was the Opera, at which Miss Landon appeared one evening, wearing a dark velvet Scotch cap and feather. “Look !” cried Count Orsay, in a gay, eager voice, raising his *lorgnette*, “Look ! that is Miss Landon, with her inkstand on her head, and her pen in it !”

Every page, almost, reminds us of the uses for which Lady Blessington's constant kindness and large London acquaintance were claimed by her correspondents. Poor Miss Emma Roberts, writing from Parell (India), in 1839, bespake her interest to obtain commissions from the nobility and gentry desirous of possessing Indian rarities.

“I often wish to procure a commission from the Duke of Devonshire, or other wealthy patron, for the collection of horticultural or zoological specimens, which would have assisted to defray the enormous expenses of travelling. Were I to remain at Bombay I could limit my expenditure within very reasonable bounds, but in this case I should acquire a very small quantity of information ; I have therefore determined upon making a journey into the provinces, and should you have an opportunity of recommending me as a useful agent to some liberal person at home, I feel assured you would do your utmost to forward my plans. Amid many other objects of interest for a nobleman's park, the yak or yew of Tibet is the most desirable ; it will not live in India on the plains, but might in the cold season be carried up the Red Sea ; and I should be most

happy to go myself into the Himalaya to procure specimens. The kind interest which you have shown in my welfare has encouraged me to trouble you with these details. I feel that I have some claim upon patronage, since my patriotic feelings have induced me to prefer travelling in the British dependencies for the purpose of making them better known, instead of going to America, notwithstanding the offers made to me by publishers at home, who would have made very liberal advances for the expenses of my journey.”

The most interesting pages in the second volume are the letters addressed to Lady Blessington by Mr. W. S. Landor. Her letters to the poet, too, are her best,—as to the high nature and great endowments of her correspondent imperceptibly nerfed her when she sat down to talk to him on paper. But Lady Blessington's writings, we must again repeat, whether imaginative or epistolary, in no respect did her justice.

We last week spoke of the correspondence betwixt lady Blessington and Mr. Landor, mentioning at the same time that some of the Lady's best letters are those addressed to the Author of the “Imaginary Conversations.”—Of these, a brief and graceful example may be given :—

“Gore House, Kensington Gore, March 10, 1836.

“I write to you from my new residence, in what I call the country, being a mile from London. I have not forgotten that your last letter announced the pleasing intelligence that you were to be in London in April, and I write to request that you will take up your residence at my house. I have a comfortable room to offer you ; and what is better still, a cordial welcome. Pray bear this in mind, and let me have the pleasure of having you under my roof. Have you heard of the death of poor Sir William Gell ? He expired at Naples, on the 4th of February, literally exhausted by his bodily infirmity. Poor Gell ! I regret him much ; he was gentle, kind-hearted and good-tempered, possessed a great fund of information, which was always at the service of any one requiring it, and if free from passion (not always in my opinion a desirable thing), totally exempt from prejudice, which I hold to be most undesirable. How much more frequently we think of a friend we have lost than when he lived ! I have thought of poor Gell continually, since I got Mr. Craven's melancholy letter, announcing his demise, yet when he lived I have passed weeks without bestowing a thought on him. Is not this a curious fact in all our natures, that we only begin to know the value of friends when they are lost to us forever ? It ought to teach us to turn with increased tenderness to those that remain. I always feel that my affection for living friends is enlivened by the reflection that they too may pass away. If we were only half as lenient to the living as we are to the dead, how much hap-

piness might we render them, and from how much vain and bitter remorse might we be spared, when the grave, 'the all-stoning grave,' has closed over them! I long to read your book; it will be to me like water in the desert to the parched pilgrim. Let me hear from you, and, above all, tell me that you will take up your abode with me, where quiet and friendship await you.

M. BLESSINGTON.

The letters from the Author of "Pericles and Aspasia" illustrate the thought, the old-world courtesy, and the quaint humor of the writer,—also, the trenchant style of comparison and valuation, cordially appreciated and epigrammatically characterized by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, at a later page of the Correspondence.—

" Landor [says he], thanks to your introduction, had no humors, no oddities for me. He invited me to his villa, which is charmingly situated, and smoothed himself down so much, that I thought him one of the best-bred men I ever met, as well as one of the most really able; (pity, nevertheless, so far as his talent is concerned, that he pets paradoxes so much; he keeps them as other people keep dogs, coaxes them, plays with them, and now and then sets them to bite a disagreeable intruder)."

Here is a specimen from Mr. Landor's hand, which attests the justice of the foregoing character :—

" January, 13, 1835.

" Arnold is so mischievous as to show me, this moment, the portrait of the Duchess of —, and to say she ought to have been put in the Index or the Notes. Sure enough she never was a beauty. The Duke had so little idea of countenance, that he remarked a wonderful resemblance between me and —. Perhaps he thought to compliment both parties. Now you had better find a ghost than a resemblance. If an ugly woman is compared to a beautiful one, she will tell you, 'this is the first time I was ever taken for an idiot.' If a sensible woman is compared to Madame de Staël, she shows you her foot, and thinks God she has not yet taken to rouge. I have been reading Beckford's Travels, and Vathek. The last pleases me less than it did forty years ago, and yet the Arabian Nights have lost none of their charms for me. All the learned and wiseacres in England cried out against this wonderful work, upon its first appearance; Gray among the rest. Yet I doubt whether any man, except Shakspere, has afforded so much delight, if we open our hearts to receive it. The author of the Arabian Nights was the greatest benefactor the East ever had, not excepting Mohammed. How many hours of pure happiness has he bestowed on six-and-twenty millions of hearers. All the springs of the Desert have less refreshed the Arabs than those delightful tales, and they cast their gems and genii over our benighted and foggy regions. B., in his second letter,

says, that two or three of Rossa da Tivoli's landscapes merit observation, and in the next he scorns P. Potter. Now all Rossa da Tivoli's works are not worth a blade of grass from the hand of P. Potter. The one was a consummate artist; the other, one of the coarsest that ever bedaubed a canvas. He talks of 'the worst roads that ever pretended to be made use of,' and of a *dish* of tea, without giving us the ladle or the carving knife for it. When I read such things, I rub my eyes, and awaken my recollections. I not only fancy that I am older than I am in reality, (which is old enough, in all conscience), but that I have begun to lose my acquaintance with our idiom. Those who desire to ride upon light matters gracefully, must read with attention the writings of Pope, Lady M. W. Montagu, and Lord Chesterfield—three ladies of the first water. I am sorry you sent my 'Examination' by a private hand. I never in my life sent even a note by a private hand. Nothing affects me but pain and disappointment. Hannah More says, There are no evils in the world but sin and bile. They fall upon me very unequally. I would give a good quantity of bile for a trifle of sin, and yet my philosophy would induce me to throw it aside. No man ever began so early to abolish hopes and wishes. Happy he, who is resolved to walk with Epicurus on his right and Epictetus on his left, and to shut his ears to every other voice along the road.

W. S. L."

In other epistles, we have Southey, and Wordsworth, and Lamb discussed—and "George the Fourth, the vilest wretch in Europe"—and Bonaparte, who could have been "hated," "if he had been a gentleman," and other living and dead celebrities. The last bit for which we can make room from this portion of the correspondence has the Attic grace of a stray leaf from Mr. Landor's Greek Romance. The "NEVER," too, is a characteristic promise, happily for the world made to be broken :—

" I hope in the spring I may be able to pay you my respects. Where else can I find so much wit and so much wisdom? The rest of the earth may pretend it can collect (but I doubt it) as much beauty. Do not whisper a word of this to a certain pair of sisters. I hope I myself shall be in full bloom when we meet again. Indeed, I have little doubt of it—I have youth on my side. I shall not see seventy, for nearly three months to come. I am very busy collecting all I have written. It may perhaps be published in another eight or ten months. Once beyond seventy, I will never write a line in verse or prose for publication. I will be my own Gil Blas. The wisest of us are unconscious when our faculties begin to decay. Knowing this I fixed my determination many years ago. I am now plucking out my weeds all over the field, and will leave only the strongest shoots of the best plants standing.

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We must pass epistles from Moore (one gracefully begging for assistance to his *Byron Memoirs*), notes from Campbell and Barry Cornwall — punning-letters, somewhat elaborate, from Jekyll — rhymed jokes from James Smith — concluding our drafts on this book by a longish outpouring from the author of "*Peter Simple*," containing that fiery and fertile writer's notion of the proper way of dealing with the Reviewers : —

"And now permit me to enter into my defence with respect to the lady you refer to. I was fully aware that I lay myself open to the charge which you have brought forward, and moreover that it will be brought forward, as one in which the public feelings are likely to be enlisted; if so, my reply will be such in tenor as I now give to you. The lady has thought proper to vault into the arena especially allotted to the conflicts of the other sex. She has done so avowing herself the champion of the worst species of democracy and infidelity. In so doing she has unsewed herself, and has no claim to sympathy on that score. I consider that a person who advocates such doctrines as she has done, at this present time, when every energy should be employed to stem the torrent which is fast bearing down this country to destruction, ought to be hooted, pelted, and pursued to death, like the rabid dog who has already communicated its fatal virus; and allow me to put the question, whether you ever yet heard when the hue and cry was raised, and weapons for its destruction seized, that the populace were known to show the unheard of politeness of inquiring, before they commenced the pursuit, whether the animal so necessary to be sacrificed was of the masculine or feminine gender? I wage war on the doctrine, not the enunciator, of whom I know nothing, except that the person being clever, is therefore the more dangerous. As for your observation, that the lady never wrote a line in the *Edinburgh*, I can only say that, although it is of no moment, I did most truly and sincerely believe she did, and my authority was from her having been reported to have said to a friend that "she had paid me off well in the *Edinburgh*." That she did say so I could, I think, satisfactorily prove, were not my authority (like all other mischievous ones) under the pledge of secrecy; but the fact is, I cared very little whether she did or did not write the articles, though I confess that I fully believe that she did. As for the attacks of petty reviewers, I care nothing for them. "I take it from wherever it comes, as the sailor said when the jackass kicked him;" but I will not permit any influential work like the *Edinburgh* to ride me roughshod any

more than when a boy, I would not take a blow from any man, however powerful, without returning it to the utmost of my power. But a review is a legion composed of many; to attack a review is of little use—like a bundle of sticks strong from union, you cannot break them; but if I can get one stick out, I can put it across my knee, and if strong enough, succeed in smashing it; and in so doing, I really do injure the review, as any contributor fancies that he may be the stick selected. The only method, therefore, by which you can retaliate upon a review like the *Edinburgh* is to select one of its known contributors, and make the reply personal to him. For instance, I have advised the *Edinburgh* to put a better hand on next time. Suppose that it attacks me again, I shall assume that their best hand, Lord B—, is the writer of the article, and my reply will be most personal to him; and you must acknowledge that I shall be able to raise a laugh, which is all I care for. You may think that this is not fair; I reply that it is; I cannot put my strength against a host: all I can do is to select one of the opponents in opinion and politics, and try my strength with him. This I am gratified in doing, until the parties who write a review put their names to the article; as long as they preserve the anonymous, I select what I please, and if I happen to take the wrong one, the fault is theirs and not mine. So recollect, that if I am attacked in the *Edinburgh* (should I reply to the article when I publish my "Diary of a Blasé" in June next), my reply will be to Lord B—, and will be as bitter as gall, although I have the highest respect for his Lordship's talents, and have a very good feeling towards him."

We could lengthen this notice to quadruple its present extent, by presenting more of the characteristic epistles and epistolary curiosities which Dr. Madden has heaped together in his third volume. But enough has been given to show the quality of its contents.

From the *Crayon*, a new Art-paper, published in New York, and conducted in a fine, if rather speculative spirit, we extract a few lines of American Art-intelligence. Speaking of the Studios of the New Country, our contemporary says:—"Kensett has just finished a picture, to which he gives the name of 'An October Day in the White Mountains.' It is, to our mind, the most powerful in color, and most satisfactory, as a whole, of his pictures, so far as we have seen. In the distance is Mount Chocorua; and the Saco, in the middle distance, winds through a valley dim with the purple autumn haze; and in the foreground, most judiciously used, are a few flashes of strongly-colored autumnal foliage.—Church is at work on a large composition of South American Andean scenery. A picture, recently finished for Mr. Sturges, from the material gathered in his South American tour, is one of the most attractive and poetic compositions he has produced. — Stearns

is painting Washington as the Statesman, for his Washington-Series,—the incident being the adoption of the Constitution.—Greene, whose exquisite piece of color in the last Academy Exhibition won him so much applause, is painting a portrait which promises still more. — Walcutt, who has recently returned from Paris, has brought with him several compositions painted there which show a great improvement upon his European study. The Overthrowing of the Statue of George the Third, at Bowling Green, has some very brilliant color; and A Passage of Pioneer Life, an American Mazeppa, is a wild episode of our history. — Thomson has a Hunting Scene on one of the lakes, on his easel,—and A Road-side Scene, just finished, shows, as it ought, improvement. If the "hard times" make the artists work the harder, we shall scarcely regret them — when they have passed. — *Athenaeum*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE SANCTUARY OF THE GOLDEN CALF.

On the *Plaza* of San Francisco, a mob of half-busy, half-idle beings was wandering back and forwards, engaged in chattering, or else in sowing an unlimited quantity of "gape-seed." New arrivals, fresh from the vessels below, who, in silent surprise, or with loud exclamations of admiration, regarded all the miracles of the New World—of that *El Dorado* which they had pictured to themselves so different—and who were not yet capable of forming a comprehensive idea of all that presented itself in such rapid succession; the weather-beaten, carelessly-attired forms of the returning gold-washers, who quietly lounged through the streets, with the little heavy-laden bags in their waistbelts—among them the Californian Spaniard, in his gaudy *serape* and heavy jingling spurs; the pig-tailed Chinaman, in his thin loose blue jacket, and with his neck that spurned every artificial bondage; the crowds of cleanly sailors from an American frigate in the bay, Frenchmen, Germans, Anglo-Saxons, Argentines, Spaniards, South-Sea Islanders, Negroes, and Mulattoes,—all swarmed upon the *Plaza*—gold the magnet which attracted every one, gold the object the masses were striving for, whatever their country or their complexion might be.

The first wild excitement which had driven them madly and blindly to the mountains for the sake of judging and digging for themselves was, however, now past; the majority had "seen the elephant," and had returned perfectly satisfied; they had not only found no gold up above, but had expended the little they took with them, and appeared to have eventually formed the conviction that there were other ways and means in California to "get their pile." These men then had rushed to the towns and become merchants or brokers, artisans or laborers, boatmen, road-makers, policemen, cooks, wood-cutters, bakers, hotel-keepers, waiters, clerks—in short, everything that could be conceived, in order to earn money as rapidly as possible, and—then return home with it? No, but to go once again to the mines, for they "had not set about it right at first."

Only one class of men of all those who had flocked to the new *El Dorado* did not apply themselves to working or trading, buying or selling. With cards, possessing certain marks on their backs, expressly prepared in the United States, where whole manufactories are employed in this branch of trade, they came to California, and did nothing from the moment they landed, or even when they went aboard ship, save shuffle the cards, and count or weigh gold. These were and are the privileged gamblers, who hold their head-quarters in San Francisco, and thence diverge to the various mines in all directions—men who, with cheating as the first principle of their trade, came to California to earn money and grow rich, and who ever follow their career, even if murder and robbery might be called in to help them. Say nothing of our convicts, they are saints in comparison with these dregs of the American population, among whom, strange to

say, wonderfully few English or Irish are to be found. The most corrupt of these gamblers, and the only ones, in fact, who can compete with the Spaniard, generally so crafty and cold-blooded in hazard playing, are American "boys." From the splendidly decorated *salon* at San Francisco, with its picturesquesque *bijouterie* and hundreds of tables groaning beneath the burden of gold, to the scanty tent in the furthest mountains, where the *serape* thrown over a rickety box must serve as a cloth by night, and as a bed and blanket on the approach of dawn, they are everywhere to be found, ready at any moment to plunder the poor miner of his hardly-earned savings, and the Spanish cloak serves to cover the money they win, as well as the six-barrelled revolver and sharp bowie knife, as weapons of attack or defence, according as the moment or the prospect of gain may demand.

But now we have not to do with the mines—we are loitering on the *Plaza* of San Francisco, and the twilight has burst over the land, almost ere the sun has dipped into the sea behind the low coast range. But what an active life has suddenly commenced in the immense buildings between Kearney-street and the *Plaza*. The folding doors are thrown widely open, and a sea of light, to which the mob pours in hurried succession, streams from the countless astral lamps. Right and left are similar buildings of brick, and with iron balconies and shutters, to defy the next fire which assails this block, as has been the case thrice already; from all a stream of light pours forth—from all is heard noisy music—into all, dense masses of human beings are thronging; and the difficulty for the spectator is, which he shall select for his visit. But the most splendid and largest is the one over whose entrance gleams in "golden letters" the name of "*El Dorado*"; and though still undecided whether we will venture into the lion's den, when once the threshold is crossed, curiosity impels us, and the next moment carries the stranger, actually intoxicated by all he sees, to the centre of the room, ere he is conscious of the fact.

An immense room, whose roof is supported by two rows of white polished pillars, stretches out before us, and on all sides are suspended astral lamps, rivalling the vivid brightness of day, while the walls are adorned with lascivious pictures, nude figures, bathing nymphs, and frantic bacchanals, adapted to inflame the mind, and calculated in addition to the music to seduce the passers-by to enter; once in, the gold-laden tables must do their part to keep them. The mob that crowds in does not, in fact, at first notice the tables, which are scattered about the room, and are always far enough apart to let a quantity sit or stand round them, and yet afford space for passing; there is so much that is attractive, besides play, and the senses must first realize and digest that, before they can devote themselves to the gambling.

To the right of the room, behind a long counter, stands a girl, a really graceful, young, pretty, and respectable girl, in a black, closely-fitting silk dress, and her delicate fingers laden with rings, who dispenses tea, coffee, and chocolate, while in the other corner of the room

a man is stationed to sell wine and spirits. Over the tea-counter, however, lounge four or five tall, clumsy fellows, gazing on the young girl; they swallow cup after cup of quarter-dollar tea, in order to have a decent excuse for remaining there, and ruin their digestion for the same reason with the sweet cakes and pastry they almost unconsciously devour. A knot of back-woodsmen is standing a few paces further back, obstinately blocking the road, and sharing the enjoyment, though at a cheaper rate. They are generally athletic, well-built men, dressed in homespun, who here gaze in silent astonishment at all the novelties, for they come direct from the woods. -Brought up in the far west of the United States, rumor led them to California, across the desolate steppes and rocky mountains; they reached the mines, and found in the woods, with the exception of gold, nought but what they had known from their youth up—trees and mountains, valleys and fountains, a bark roof to sleep under and game to shoot; and it was not till they had earned a trifle, or were grown tired of their laborious life in the mountains, that they came down to visit the celebrated capital. We cannot blame them for being lost in amazement here, for even the European, habituated to the life of large cities, and not expecting to find anything out of the way or extraordinary in this newer quarter of the globe, is still astounded at scenes which the wildest fancy would fail to do justice to.

But round this girl the whole of the visitors marched; even if seen once, they all returned again, and few quitted the room without leaving, at the least, a quarter-dollar for something edible or inedible, were it only to hear the few words which she must utter in informing them of the price of the beverage. And why was this? The girl was certainly pretty enough and graceful, but no extraordinary beauty, and in other towns we could meet three or four equally pretty in every street; but—she was after all a female, dressed with care and taste, such as they had seen at home—but never since. In all San Francisco there were at that time very few reputable women, and these rarely appeared in public; vessels brought but very few, and over the prairies hardly any ventured. It was a city of rough and savage men—men, nearly all armed with loaded weapons in their pockets, or in the belt beneath their hunting hirt, who had knocked about so many months in the woods with their fellow-men, and who now, after a long fatiguing march, after heavy toil in the mines, or perhaps contests with the embittered natives, saw for the first time again an agreeable female face, in a richly-decorated, brilliantly-lighted house, bending over the tea equipage. Was it surprising, then, if they stopped for a while to gaze their fill on her pleasant sparkling eyes, and then perchance went further with a sigh? They sighed not for the sake of the stranger girl, who stood so gayly attired behind the counter; but their own home, and all that they had left there, recurred to their minds, and to get rid of the feeling they turned to the pictures or the gambling tables. But the pictures were the best remedy against every melancholy

feeling of that nature—the young girl in almost immediate proximity with such demi-obscurity destroyed the charm, and they turned away with a shake of the head to make room for others, while the young lady unconsciously poured out the tea for her new admirers.

But stay! what is that? The visitors are suddenly crowding round a table, where high play is apparently going on—let us go too, and see it. A young fellow is standing at the table, between the keeper of the table and his confederate, the first of whom is slowly shuffling a pack of cards, for the sake of employment, till the play commences, while the other watches, with his little piercing gray eyes, the cards as they are turned up. The game itself is strange to us, although the Spaniard on the other side of the table, who follows its vicissitudes and the hands of the dealer, with a scarcely perceptible smile, and without staking for the present, seems to understand it better than we do. It is *monte*, a Spanish game, and played with Spanish cards, and the strange figures on them, the crossed swords and golden balls, the horsemen, instead of queens, etc., attract the stranger's eye above all, and impart a much higher and mysterious charm to the bags of silver and gold boldly staked upon them. The game itself bears some resemblance to our *lansquenet*: the right-hand card is for the banker, that to the left for the player; and, for the sake of convenience, two or more cards are turned up on either side. The young fellow, in whom we feel an interest from the outset, cannot be more than sixteen years of age; he is tall and thin, and his features would have something effeminate about them, were it not for the gleaming eye and the ashy firmly-compressed lips. His right hand is supported on the green cloth of the table, upon the centre of which piles of dollars form a barrier round a heap of gold, as well as sacks of gold-dust, and three or four largish nuggets and ingots, more for ornament than use; his left hand is in his pocket, and from beneath his hat two or three locks of auburn hair peep out. His stake, amounting perhaps to twenty or five-and-twenty "eagles," is on the horseman, and his gleaming eyes are fixed nervously on the hands of the dealer.

The latter, an American, sits coldly and calmly behind his table, with the card in his hand ready to turn up, and casting at intervals, a rapid glance at the stakes to see that all is in order, the ace and queen are the uppermost cards—the young fellow has won, and a triumphant smile plays on his lips.

"I'll pay you back now for the other night, Robertson," he laughed, hoarsely, between his scarce open lips.

"I hope so!" replies the banker, calmly, with an equivocal smile. "You're in luck, Lowell, and ought to take advantage of it."

"I leave it on the queen, and put this lot on the three." Here and there a few stakes are altered or withdrawn, the cards are turned up again—both lose.

The young man growls a fearful but hardly audible oath; but his hand brings almost involuntarily fresh booty to light in the shape of a bag of gold dust, which the banker does not even

deign to glance at. The bag might contain about two pounds, and the Spaniard, standing opposite, now throws a couple of ounces on another card.

"You do not trust the gentlemen's luck, señor," the banker said, smilingly, as he held the cards firmly in his left hand, but kept his eye firmly fixed inquiringly on that of the Californian.

"*Quién sabe?*" he muttered with indifference; but—his card has gained.

The young gambler uttered another fearful oath, and his hand sought frenziedly his pocket for more money—but in vain. "Not there—not there—gone—robbed!" he stammers to himself; and his eye measures distrustfully and anxiously those standing round him. He meets only indifferent or sarcastic glances.

"Come, stranger! if you don't play any longer, make room for some one else!" said a bearded man, dressed in a dirty blue and torn blouse; "it seems to me you've done."

"I'll stop here as long as I like!"

"Come, sir, if you don't play, make room for another party," said the second banker, who sat close to him; our table is, besides, quite crowded."

"I have been robbed!" the young man shouted, casting a furious glance on the blouse—"shamefully robbed."

"Well, don't look at me, young fellow, in that way," said the man in the blouse, quietly.

"I'll look at whom I please, and any one who can't stand it may turn away."

"Room there!" the man shouted, turning his head to those behind; and, seizing the young gambler with a giant's grasp, he lifted him up and hurled him back. "Take care—take care!" several voices shouted at the same moment; and two or three hands threw up the arm of the madman, who, armed with a revolver, and careless of the consequences, was aiming point-blank at his assailant's head. Though so quickly seized, the young scoundrel managed to fire twice, before they could tear the pistol from him, and one bullet broke the globe of a lamp, while the other went into the ceiling and brought down a shower of plaster. It was not the only mark of the same sort up there.

"Thankye," the miner in the blue shirt quietly said to the surrounders, and without caring further for the infuriated lad, who was foaming at the mouth and struggling with those who held him, he took a packet of gold out of his waistcoat pocket and put it on the nearest card. The young gambler had in the mean while been dragged to the door by several powerful Irish volunteers, where he was received by two policemen summoned from the adjacent station, and borne off to durance vile. All the curiosity-mongers in the room—and their name was legion—had thronged up to the spot where the shot had been fired, to see as much as possible of the anticipated row; even the counter was deserted for a second or two—but not longer. At this moment, too, shouts, laughter, and noise were heard from the other side of the room. What had occurred there?

"Bravo!—that was capital—hurrah! the mob

shouted, and the shrill voice of a man, who was energetically protesting against something or other, was continually drowned in noisy bursts of applause. A peculiar circumstance had taken place here, in which the mob speedily performed the functions of judge and jury, and gave its verdict.

A man in a black tail coat and dark trousers, very clean and respectable, had come for seven evenings in succession to the same table, had watched the game for awhile, until at last he produced a small canvas bag from his breast pocket and laid it on a card. The card won on the first evening, and he emptied the bag on the table to count the money. It contained twenty-eight Spanish dollars, which the banker quietly paid him, and the "gentlemen" quitted the table with his earnings, without deigning to tempt dame fortune again. On the second evening he returned, staked and the card lost. With the greatest coolness he opened the bag, seized the corners, shook out the money—and it contained precisely the same sum as on the previous evening—and quitted the room. On the third, fourth, fifth and sixth evenings the same story; the bankers began to know the man, and amused themselves about his strange behavior: as usual he lost, took up the bag and walked away.

The seventh evening arrived; it was just a minute after eight, and the one banker said laughingly, to the other, "We have treated him too hardly, and frightened him away," when his comrade laughed, and the man in the black coat, without altering a feature, or paying any attention to the whispering and laughing, took his usual place, quietly watched the progress of the game till a quarter past eight, and then laid the bag all knew so well upon a deuce that had just been turned up.

A couple of cards were turned without the two making its appearance; at last the three fell to the left, and to the right—a scarcely perceptible smile played on the banker's lips—the two. The stranger turned deadly pale, but without uttering a syllable about the change in his luck, he stretched out his hand to the sack, and was on the point of opening it, in order to count the dollars, when the banker said, laughingly:

"Let it be; I know how many are in it—eight and twenty. Am I not right?"

"Not exactly!" said the man calmly, and shook the silver out on the table. He then shook the bag still more, and a roll of bank-notes slightly wrapped together, fell out.

"What's that?" the bankers cried in alarm, and the audience pressed curiously around.

"My stake!" the man said, with apparent indifference, as he unfastened the thread that bound the notes.

"Stop, that will not do!" the banker cried, as he threw down his card; "that's false play;—you only paid eight-and-twenty dollars on the previous evening."

"False play!" the man shouted, and his eyebrows were menacingly contracted; "prove it, you shufflers; did I not lay the bag just as it is on the card? and have you ever refused to pay it unopened?"

"No! that's all correct—quite right," said

those around, who are always glad to oppose the banker, because they are firmly convinced that he does not play fairly, although they continually throw away their money. "He staked and won, and must be paid," others shouted.

"Count your money—how much is it?" said the banker, who had hurriedly exchanged a few words with the confederates seated opposite—"how much is it?"

"In the first place, twenty-eight dollars in silver," he said calmly, while the bystanders laughed heartily, "then here in bank notes, two, three, four, yes, eight hundred dollars, and then—"

"What, more?"

"A small bill on Dollsmith Brothers, as good as silver, accepted and all—the money need only be fetched—for—three thousand."

"Three thousand!" the banker yelled, starting in dismay from his chair. "Why, that would make nearly four thousand dollars altogether! Are you mad? Do you expect me to pay that?"

"Don't I?" the stranger asked in surprise, "would you not have taken it if I had lost?"

"Of course he would—of course. Do you ask whether they would take it? Everything they can get, and a little more too," shouted the voices round the table. "He must pay!"

"Gentlemen!" the banker protested, in the poor prospect of turning their hearts—"gentlemen, this person staked every evening for the entire week—"

"And lost every time," another interrupted him; "I have been present several times, and have heard so from others, and he never made the slightest objection."

"But that was only eight and twenty dollars."

"And if it had been so many thousand, all the same."

"But do let me finish," the banker shrieked, with aspen lips and furious glances; "he only shook out twenty-eight dollars on the table, and kept the paper back."

"Prove that I ever had a cent more than twenty-eight dollars in the bag," the stranger exclaimed contemptuously; "you won't get off by such excuses."

"Why did you not keep the bag as well, compatrio?" laughed a Spaniard, who stood near. "We always stick to everything that is staked."

"If he had lost again, no more than the confounded dollars would have come out of the bag," the banker growled.

"Possible; but it can't be proved, the surrounding players laughed. "You must pay up."

"Hanged if I do," the banker shouted, and struck the table with his fist; this is a new sort of robbery you are trying upon me; but you've come to the wrong customer—I won't pay!"

"I've lost two hundred dollars to you in the last half hour," a tall, gigantic Kentuckian shouted, as he elbowed his way to the table, "and was forced to pay up to the cent. If you refuse to pay that fellow, you must fork over my money again."

"And mine too!" a multitude of voices ejaculated, "I've lost too—I too—ten dollars—fifty—five and twenty—a pound of gold out with the money if he won't pay."

Another banker from an adjoining table had in the meanwhile come up, and had whispered a few words to his comrade during the height of the tumult. The loser for a time refused, but at last yielded to his persuasions, and took up the money to count it, while both carefully examined the notes and bill. There could be no objection raised against either, and with a heavy sigh the banker paid the money, which took all on his table, as well as several packets of gold-dust, which the stranger carefully cut open, examined and then weighed at the bar. All was in order; and concealing the money in various pockets, he thrust what remained into the mysterious bag, and then quitted the room, after bowing his thanks to the surrounders, which were returned by a thundering hurrah and shouts of applause.

At the upper end of the room, and at such an elevation that it could be seen by all the company, was the orchestra, filled with a variety of musicians, who made what the Americans termed "a jolly row." They played dances and marches from French and German operas, nigger melodies, and English ballads, whichever came first, and the purpose was much less amusement than a means to keep the visitors amused in the brilliantly lighted rooms. If the people remained there any length of time, they would be seduced to play, however much they might be indisposed at first; and the winnings always left an ample margin to cover the expenses of the band.

The public too, walked carelessly up and down while the music was playing, and only the back-woodsmen, who had stood long enough before the counter to "leave their shadows on the wall," as a Yankee said, turned round and looked in silent admiration at the numerous brass instruments, and nudged one another and laughed at the wonderful man, with the "shining India rubber trumpet." The wind instruments suddenly ceased. The nearest the centre fell back, and a young and very beautiful girl came forward, with a roll of music in one hand and a violin in the other.

"There she is again—up there!" the nearest whispered to each other, and the eyes of hundreds were fixed on the charming apparition; even the tea was neglected at this moment, and only a long Yankee remained with a full cup before him—it was the seventeenth that evening—with his elbows on the counter, and stared triumphantly in the pleasant face of the *dame du comptoir*, who found it very difficult not to laugh in his face and thus frighten away her best customer. The violin player now commenced an *adagio solo*, whose gentle, undulating sounds were, however, utterly lost in the noise of the room. "Bs't, bs't!" was heard from the lips of those standing beneath the orchestra; but what did the gamblers care for music; cards and dice kept their senses enchain'd and their ears closed, and loud curses were the sole reply, when any one was gently warned to be quiet "for the sake of the music."

The girl above, however, paid no attention to the noise, and played quietly on. The sound gradually found its way, gently and still so pow-

erfully, to the furthest limits of the room, and the musicians sat silently entranced, and listened with deep emotion to the wondrous harmony.— She was a young girl of about seventeen years of age, certainly of a southern race, with jet black locks and eyes, but with pallid and yet exquisitely transparent features, which, in the excitement of the moment, flushed, and then recovered their pristine hue. How had the poor child come to this horrible abode of crime?— what could have driven her to these wild, inhospitable shores, where the thirst for gold trod under foot every noble feeling, all modesty and femininity—to play the part of a seductive syren in a gambling house, and earn her wretched, wretched bread, which she, perchance, moistened with her tears? Or was this young heart already infected by the pestiferous atmosphere of the El Dorado? Her melancholy, innocent face belied any such suspicion, and yet the gentle, swelling strains of the instrument sounded like the heart rending-lamentation of a despairing, and guilty bosom.

"D—d fine girl up there," said one miner to the other, as they stood beneath the orchestra and looked up. "I'd give a few pounds if I could take her up to our winter-tent. By Jove, how the boys would stare if I took back such a bread-eater with me!"

"Sh'd be an expensive luxury," his companion replied; "she looks like a great lady, and isn't for our sort."

"Gammon!" said the first contemptuously.— "Not for our sort! Why not? I can buy any thing with money. I should like to know where she hails from?"

"From the old country, a third said, in a low voice, to the two miners; but she's not to be had; plenty have tried that game. That's her father."

"Where? The fellow with the shabby black coat and the long, dark hair? That's a Spaniard."

"Yes, and as proud as if he were the king himself."

"But he plays high—"

"Both of them," the American said, with a laugh; "the one up there, and the other below; but with this difference, that that girl is the bread earner, and the old one loses the money every night before it's earned, which she gets up there for seducing the 'greens' to come in."

"And on what do they exist?"

"The Lord only knows; they do not live expensively at any rate, and I believe they have a room in the 'house,' somewhere under the roof."

"But what the deuce stuff is she playing?" said the first speaker. "She is certainly pretty, but is no hand with a fiddle; you couldn't dance to that music."

"Well, she don't play exactly for that purpose," the other said; "but who's going to liquor?"

"Who's not going?" the first laughed; "drinking is always better than music."

Something now appeared to be taking place a little above the bar, and the spectators soon collected round a table where a lad of about thir-

teen was playing vingt-un with two green mountain boys. They looked like a couple of farmer's sons from the hills, who had not seen much life in the world; but here, with the French cards, with which they were better acquainted than the Spanish, and a game which they had often seen in New York, or had, perhaps, themselves played, they fancied they could "find" their money without the trouble of going to the mountains and digging for it. The first five times they gained small sums, and one of them seemed to feel his conscience prick him for taking the money from such a child.

"Hang it," he said, half aloud to his brother, "it's really a shame for us two grown and sensible men to play with such a little greenhorn—let's go somewhere else."

"Nonsense; I don't see it," said the other.— "If the boy's so stupid as to stand here and challenge others to play, we may as well pluck him as any one else; but what I'm so pleased at is, that he fancies he's caught a couple of flats—we'll show him the difference."

The lad never altered a feature while this conversation was being carried on, but he kept his lips closely compressed, and had not the two Yankees been so busied in talking, they might have seen him exchange a couple of rapid glances with another lad, about his own age, who was standing near him, behind a large dicebox. The boy did not look in any way like a greenhorn.

"Well, my cherub, here's a dollar on my card," said the elder, as he took it up and looked at it, "and I buy."

"Is that enough, sir?"

"Enough—well, yes—I'll pass!"

"And you?"

"I'll buy too."

"A four: that will suit you."

"No, confound it! One more."

"Is that enough?"

"Three-and-twenty," the younger brother exclaimed, pushing the money over to the young gambler. The latter laughingly turned up his cards: they made fifteen.

"I pass too!" he said; and the other American, with a low curse, threw over the money, without showing his cards. But why had the young scamp stood at fifteen? The game began again. The two brothers, to their surprise, lost continually, and became excited. They staked two dollars on a card, then three, and without their perceiving it, a number of spectators had collected round them, who regarded the plucking with all outward indications of pleasure. The two brothers, only more excited by this, staked higher and higher, without attending to many a kind word of warning: and one of them at last threw a whole handful of silver and several gold pieces—probably all his capital—upon his card for a last decisive stake. This time he must win—he had drawn one-and-twenty: his brother had two eagles on his card, and two kings in his hand—luck had turned. The lad displayed his cards: he had an ace and a three: he could not stand on them. He bought a tenth card—fourteen again—he bought again a six—twenty. To buy again would have been madness, but his eye

flew from one stake to the other, and his fingers played, as if in deep thought, with the pack.

"I'll buy!" he suddenly cried, as if with a desperate determination, and the only card which could save him—the ace—came up, while he took up the money with a quiet smile.

"Don't give in, gentlemen—don't give in!" he exclaimed at the same time. "It will be your turn soon—luck's everything—don't despair—what's your next stake?—let me see your next stake!"

But the two green mountain boys had had enough for the present. They nudged one another and left the table, while others thronged forward to take their places. The next table did not appear to do such a flourishing trade, but, in truth, dollar after dollar was pocketed, though the stakes rarely amounted to more than a quarter-dollar. It was a die-table—a piece of canvas, with five large letters, A. B. C. D. E., painted on it. Three dice lay on it, each of which bore the letters and a blank. The boy behind the table had a large box before him. Any one who wished to play staked his money on one or more letters, and then threw himself. If his letter turned up, he received his, or even twice or thrice its value if fortune decreed that, for instance, he had backed D, and all three dice turned up D: on the other hand, the stake was lost if other letters came up. Next to this table was a roulette-board—then a faro. Further on stood a gambler with three cards, which he moved back and forwards on a table, as an invitation to the astonished spectators to stake, who did not dare do it, or thought he was jesting with them, so extraordinarily simple the affair seemed to be. Right in front of the table a man was standing in a black coat, and watched the cards and their change of place very closely. Around him was collected a swarm of backwoodsmen and miners whispering together, while the banker moved the cards about in such a way that it was easy to follow each, and any one could say for a certainty where the ace, or the queen, or the ten—those were the three cards—lay.

"Here, gentlemen, here!" he cried, at the same time holding the cards with their faces to the spectators, that there might be no mistake—"here's the ace, which I'll lay here, the ten comes there, and the queen in the middle; see, now I change the cards; now the ace is here—there—there—there—nod so on; pay attention: a man with good eyes has the best chance—now, where's the ace?"

"Here!" said one of the miners, and pointed at the centre card, which the banker turned up for him—it was really the ace.

"Really, gentlemen, then I must mix them a little faster, else I shall not beat you," the banker said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Here's the ace now—there—there—and there," at the same time moving the cards rather more quickly, but always slowly enough for each one to be easily followed. He then stopped again.

"Boys!" the man in the black coat now said, who stood in front, half turning to the miners, and in a low voice, "the fellow must be mad, or else he has picked up his money in the street."

Here is an opportunity to earn something, and I won't let it pass. I'll stake!"

The player had, in the meanwhile, taken up the cards and shuffled them together, and after showing them once again to the crowd, he began moving them with somewhat greater rapidity.

"Here are ten dollars on the ace being there!" the black-coated man cried suddenly, and laid two pieces of gold on the card.

"I'm very sorry, but I never bet under five-and-twenty dollars," the banker said, calmly.

"Five-and-twenty—that's a good deal; but, stop, don't move the cards, I'll take you. Hang it," he then whispered to the man standing next him, "I'm sure that's the right card, and I must win!"

"I know it too; I saw it," the others said gently; "the fellow must be mad."

"Stop, mind he don't alter the cards," the man in the black coat said eagerly; "here's the money, twenty—one—two—three-and-twenty—halloh—no more—I really thought I had."

He felt all his pockets in vain, but three-and-twenty dollars were his entire capital, and he begged a bystander to lend him two dollars for a minute.

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure—money was never lent on such excellent security."

"Here are the twenty-five dollars—that's the ace."

"Thank you, sir, for the stake; we'll soon see," said the player. "I must really confess that I don't exactly know which is the card. So, this one?"

"Yes, that one!"

"It is the ace, indeed," the player said, stroking his chin in some confusion; "here—it was twenty-five dollars, was it not?"

"Five-and-twenty—there they lie."

"Yes, it's all right," said the player, coolly; "can't be helped—the next time, perhaps, you won't guess it. Well, gentlemen, at it again. Here's the ace, and now its there—there—there. Who'll stake?"

"I—I," several voices exclaimed.

"Not under twenty-five dollars."

"Here they are—here are fifty more on the card!" shouted a third, while the man in the black coat repaid him the two dollars with the interest they had earned. "That's the ace, and I'll wager my head, besides the fifty dollars, if you like to have it."

"Thank you, thank you," said the player, laughingly. "I shouldn't like to venture mine against it. Well, then, fifty on this card—no more."

"No—turn it up—I'd play this game all night long."

"This card, then?"

"Yes—well?"

"Is the queen; you've made a mistake this time, sir," said the man, with a most sweet and sympathizing smile; and yet I moved the cards so slowly!"

"Deuce take it!" the spectators said, in astonishment, for they had fancied anything rather than losing; "and the confounded ace is there!"

"Better luck next time, sir!" the player said,

with a benignant and courteous smile. "Here the cards go again—there's the ace, and now, there and there—there—there—there—who'll bet, gentlemen? Pay attention; do you know now where the ace is? No one will believe it, but it is in this corner."

"I knew it—and I too, by Jove!" several shouted.

"It's unlucky you didn't bet upon it, gentlemen. Pity that men will swear so easily to a thing, and yet hardly venture to back their opinion. Here the cards go again—going, going, going—here's the ace, and now there, and there, and there, and there again—there, there, there, who bets?"

"I—I—here are my five-and-twenty—this card's the ace—if it is not, the devil must be in your pay."

"He'd be a dangerous companion, sir; fifty dollars then? I'm afraid I shall lose my winnings again. This card then, you say?"

"Yes, that card—the centre one!" several shouted.

"I'm really very sorry, gentlemen," said the player, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but I could have told you beforehand that's the ten. The ace is here!"

"The devil!" the deceived men shouted, stamping their feet, while the others laughed. The man in the black coat had in the meanwhile retired from the table; he had not staked again—and afterwards returned his winnings to his confederate.

It was now about ten o'clock, and the later it grew, and the more rapidly the shops were closed in the city, the more were the rooms filled with idlers, who had no other way of spending their evenings except here. Hour after hour thus passed in the wild greedy striving for gold. What a world of passions was concentrated on this evening beneath one roof—triumph and despair, hatred and envy, greed and avarice—every breast a storm-beaten sea, heaving and falling with alternations of success—cheating carried on under the sanction of the law, false play and public robbery, waiting for the inexperienced strangers, who entered the cave of the Monster-god. And the livelong night this scene endures, till three or four in the morning at times—till the nipping morning breeze drives the exhausted gamblers home to their beds—to see the cards dealt in their dreams, and follow the chances of the game in feverish excitement.

It was three o'clock: nearly all the bankers had packed up their money and carried it off, to sleep by its side with loaded revolvers, and guard their treasure. Nearly all the lights had gone out, the band had long ceased playing, and two bankers appeared to have remained seated at one table, only to seduce some one returning home, and plunder him of his winnings elsewhere—a by no means uncommon case. One of them was standing behind the table, the other had gone a little way up the room, to fetch something or other, when a Mexican, a little brown fellow, who had been standing for some time in

the doorway, walked into the room, took his old torn *serape* from his shoulders, laid it on a bench, and then moved slowly up the room. The banker regarded him at first attentively; but the man did not look like one who had any money to part with, and what else brought the stranger there was of no consequence to him. The Mexican walked up the narrow passage which led to the table, and moved slightly on one side, as if desiring to pass. The banker at this moment turned his back to put on his cloak, and the Mexican, taking advantage of the opportunity, reached the table in a bound, seized the bag of gold, and rushed towards the door.

"Thieves! thieves!" the other banker shouted, who saw the movement from a distance, without being able to interfere, in consequence of the numerous tables and chairs in his way—"thieves!" But the Mexican had almost reached the door, and once without in the dark and perfectly empty street, any pursuit would have been hopeless. At the exclamation the man behind the table quickly turned, and his first glance sought the money—it was gone! but he was also prevented from pursuit by the tables, and so without losing any further time in shouting or pursuing, he tore the revolver from his breast-pocket, aimed for a moment with perfect calmness at the flying Mexican, and pulled the trigger. He required no second shot; almost with the crack of the pistol the heavy bag fell to the ground, and with a bound and yell the thief was out of the house and in the street.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" the banker laughed, who had in the meanwhile jumped over the table, and picked up the bag; the shot was just in time."

"Did you hit him, Bill?" cried the other.

"Don't know, but I hope so; I had a fine mark."

"We'll see if he bled."

"Nonsense, what's the odds," said the first, carelessly. "If he's got it, they're safe to find him in the street, when it's light. Have you the keys, Jim?"

"Yes, here; but it was infernal impudence of the scoundrel. He's left his old *serape*."

"Chuck it after him; and now come—every one tries in his own way, and if he had got off, he would have been in the right; as it was, it was only a sheer piece of folly."

And the gamblers, the last in the room, closed the door, and mounted slowly up to their bedroom, to take a few hours' sleep from the morning, during which nothing could be gained, and then be prepared for fresh scenes of activity.

Such, gentle reader, were the scenes of which I was a witness when fortune led me to San Francisco in the year of our Lord 1852. Have I done wrong in giving them their present title? But I have only presented you with the lighter shades of the fearful picture; were I disposed I could tell you more, that would truly "harrow up your soul." But for the present, enough. We may meet again—if not at Philippi—still in the Crockfords of the El Dorado!

From the United Service Magazine.

THE MIDDLE WATCH, A SERIES OF
VISIONS.

As I came within sight of the glowing face of the clock of Islington Church, *en route* to my quiet suburban residence, the long, thin finger moves noiselessly on to the twelve.—The midnight quiet is broken. The life within the quiet, shining circle, which stands out through the dark in the tower there, awakens for a few moments. Twelve o'clock strikes in fact; and, as my imagination will have it, I immediately begin to remember that it is "eight bells" and the commencement of the middle watch. Neither does this reflection—a natural one enough—pass off, as might be expected, after a few casual recollections and a few vague fancies. For the imagination is a very capricious power. It comes and goes as it pleases. Your reason you may command; your imagination commands you. It gets astride of you, and flies off with you—as a witch does with a broomstick. It so will have it, this night, that I must follow up all the ideas suggested by "eight bells;" and must restlessly exhaust the notions suggested by the words "middle watch." In a word, I must keep the middle watch once more; so commands my imagination, which (though perhaps a little different in other particulars¹) is as tyrannical as my old friend Captain Ricks. I must keep it, too, not in one ship only but in many; nor with one officer only, but with many.

Will the reader keep it with me? Will he amuse himself with a glance at some sea-pictures—with listening to some reveries about sea-life? I shall be lively or serious as the mood may take me. I shall seek various vessels, and board them—sometimes lighting on one of the lower yards like a tired bird, and resting; sometimes gliding in at the stern windows, and even at those of the captain; perhaps, crossing the gangway—and stumbling over the midshipman who is asleep there! We may see more, perhaps, of naval life in such a watch than a mere story about two or three individuals could tell us, were it told ever so well.

"Eight bells, sir; eight bells!"—H.M.S. *Indefatigable*, 84, is at sea, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Lee Brace. She is going out as flag-ship to South America. The quartermaster is calling the mate and midshipman who have to keep the middle watch. The youngster is calling Lieutenant Primby, who is to take charge of the *Indefatigable* during the same period. The lantern falls full upon the handsome countenance of Primby, and lights up his elegant cabin. He has "Rollin's History," "Robertson," and other standard works, bound very splendidly, in it—and likely to preserve their gloss during the

whole commission. To do him justice (as the youngster observes), he is easy to rouse. This is not a virtue common at twelve o'clock at night. Primby opens his eyes, says "all right, youngster"—his candle is lighted for him; and he gets up. Now, if it was Bulbous (whom he is to relieve) instead, it would not be safe to leave him till you fairly saw him out. For Bulbous has a somnambulistic kind of talent, will answer lucidly, ask a question or two about the night, and yet topple off again, and when he comes up late, blame the youngster.

Primby relieves Bulbous in ten minutes.—The ship lays her course—the night is lovely—the watch are crowded together in the waist (after muster), and four quiet hours are before Primby and his juniors. The *Indefatigable* and the moon have the sea all to themselves. Primby goes from poop to quarter-deck, looks over the side and up to the top-gallant sails, and can see nothing that need be meddled with. Primby must think—there is no help for it!

This now is one of the advantages of the middle watch. You must persevere have a little quiet meditation, whether you like it or no!—I attribute the superiority which in many particulars, naval men have over men in other professions, to the silent hours which they must necessarily pass. Solitude is hard, to be sure, on some men; but when a man finds his own company very dull to himself, it should give him a hint of what it is to his friends!

Well, let us see now what Primby has to think of in the *Indefatigable*. It is one advantage that the crowd of a line-of-battle ship affords every opportunity to you of speculation and observation. If you cannot study human nature there, you can study it nowhere. He who has once mastered Goosy Tong has the key to every donkey in history. Ricks, again throws considerable light on Dionysius or Phalaris; and if you have sailed with Pappleton, you are an authority on old women. Primby, then, gives his first thoughts to his superior officers, and among them to Lee Brace. The quiet old admiral is snoring in his cabin. He is an infirm old gentleman, well known about the West End this quarter of a century—rather a dandy in his attire—and generally taken by strangers for a soldier rather than a naval man. He is one of those officers who have seen a great deal of un-important service.—For example, when he contested Slowham, the Whig paper enumerated his exploits in something like the following terms:—

"This gallant officer was in Blobbgut's squadron, during his service in the blue Sea. He joined the *Impériale* during the proceedings on the herring coast, and commanded a boat in the landing of 180—. He was in Piper's action with the *Midge* soon after, and assisted in the attack on Port-en-bla, by which

Foucheterre was prevented from joining his troops with those of Polissard, etc., etc."

This is only half of the "yarn" which the *Slowham Coach* treated the electors to on the above mentioned occasion. And very imposing said half is, till you look into it critically. You then discover that Blobbgut's squadron did nothing in the Blue Sea but fish a little, and seize a bumboat for breaking the blockade; that the landing in 180— was unopposed, like the other proceedings on the herring coast; and that as for Piper and the *Midge*, the *Midge* had had her wings previously singed, when, to the scandal of Britain, she captured the *Mouse* from us. In truth, Lee Brace had passed a very easy career, and had been more damaged in Pimlico and Paris, than in any sea, Blue, Black, or White.

Primby's first subject for reflection is, how the *Indefatigable* will get on with this gallant old officer. The *Indefatigable* has been ten days out, and is making straight for her station. Men are beginning to know each other, to discover who takes to whom, and who everybody is. Primby thinks his messmates over in their turns. Dullard is very civil to everybody; but nobody takes exactly to Dullard. Is that the Dullard who was in the West Indies with Pawley, and was a chief witness in Mowbray's trial? So they say. Hem!—but he was "obliged to do his duty," fellows tell you. Hem!—so's the hangman; but "he wouldn't be a pleasant messmate!" Primby laughs as he recalls this saying of Jack Tattler, made that very day at dinner, when Dullard was on deck. And so he muses on, till at two bells, the mate (Lintel) reports that the ship is going seven knots. Primby instructs him to enter that fact on the log. Nothing else is said between them. In some cases a friendly chat might follow; but Primby thinks his mate, Lintel, a boor, and Lintel thinks his lieutenant Primby, a dandy. Perhaps they are both in the right, as sometimes happens when two gentlemen think meanly of each other! It is the remark of Rochefoucauld, "that though our enemies' opinions about us, may not be true, yet that they are truer than those of our friends!" Rochefoucauld is a good companion to keep the middle watch with. In the absence of anybody with whom to converse, take two or three of the subtle French noble's "maxims," and think them over, chew them, as your quartermaster is chewing his quid.—Apply them to men whom you know. They are always true enough to be instructive, and witty enough to be amusing. No time so good for a little exercise of this sort as your middle watch.

Let us leave the *Indefatigable* to pursue her way. She glides along in the moonlight, and so ends our first vision.

"Who has the middle watch to-night?"—

So inquired Captain Rhombus, of the *Triton*, of his first lieutenant, on having a final interview with that gentleman at half-past nine. Captain Rhombus was going to bed early: to-morrow at daylight the ship is expected to arrive in harbor. She has been six weeks at sea. To-morrow, milk, vegetables, fresh bread, and grass to look at, which last is a luxury in itself. Rhombus is a young man for a captain, not much over thirty, a very clever man. He got his lieutenancy at the College; his commandery by a book upon steam. He is the one man in a thousand who, without connection, has got on early in life, so is constantly used as an excuse for keeping down the other nine hundred and ninety-nine; for when the other nine hundred and ninety-nine complain that Fitz-Billy is promoted over their heads, the answer invariably is, "Talent not rewarded? Look at Rhombus!" So, virtually, the promotion of Rhombus is the worst thing that could have happened for his brethren of the middle classes. The authorities get so much *kudos* for having advanced him, that they empty the red book into the navy list, for goodness knows how long; and the answer to every grumbler is, "go you and imitate Rhombus!" Following which fact, by the laws of human nature, comes the next fact, that men do not imitate Rhombus, but that they hate him. It is *not* pleasant, then, to have the middle watch in the *Triton*? "Who has the middle watch to-night?" asked Captain Rhombus. The first lieutenant answered, "Mr. Pearl, sir." "Hem!" muttered Captain Rhombus, of the *Triton*. The first lieutenant knew what that meant: Rhombus did not like Lieutenant Pearl, or "Count Pearl," as he is familiarly called in the service.

Count Pearl, in fact, was a clever man, too, but of just the opposite kind to that of his commander. Now, it is a well-known fact, that men of different orders of intellect do often love each other more than men of similar ones. You will oftener find a poet and a wit on really brotherly terms, than two poets or two wits. And so, in life, who has not friends with whom he is more intimately allied than with his relations? Some difference there must be between two natures, perhaps, to make them please each other entirely; but some likeness is even more absolutely necessary. You may be a whig with a talent for nothing but mathematics, and yet be bosom friends with a tory, with a head for little but epigrams. But your *sentiment* in matters of the heart is the same, and that is the real tie. You both detest, as a screw, A., who understands both your studies; you both think B. (whom A. shuns as a dangerous acquaintance) a good fellow, because he had the pluck to marry a woman whom he had seduced. In accordance with this, you will find the heart-

iest appreciators of Cobbett among high tories, and zealous admirers of Dr. Johnson among men who would, if they could, demolish the Church.

Now, when kindred sentiment and kindred intellect come together, you have Damon and Pythias. When different sentiment and different intellect do, you have cat and dog, or Rhombus and Pearl.

"Count" Pearl was so called from a certain greatness of manner which had distinguished him from early youth. He was born to it, and to little else in the way of fortune. He looked so very like the abstract notion of a "somebody," that it made him a somebody. He had cultivated his advantages, and he was everywhere known as the "Count," and when he went anywhere in a ship, he was asked about by everybody in the place. He had a great deal of pleasant, social cleverness and quickness, and Rhombus was infinitely jealous of him. For not only was the Count infinitely his superior in graces of person, but he cut a far better figure in conversation. What was worse, Rhombus knew that Pearl had no great opinion of his parts, in spite of his reputation. "Some talent—a kind of *stocker* talent, my dear sir, would cut a great figure in a mechanics' institute, probably." This, Rhombus knew, was the way Pearl talked of him. But what was most of all vexations, he was aware, too, that Pearl pretended he could rival him in his own walk, if he chose to apply. All Rhombus's enemies believed, or pretended to believe, the same. A *bon mot* of Pearl's on the subject was circulated, I remember, extensively. "A clever fellow, Rhombus, of course; but, my dear sir, suppose I worked for six months! Let him try for six months to rival me, though. A man, if he pleased to lower himself, could go about habitually on all fours; a dog would make a poor thing of going on two legs, with any breaking."

Fancy these two gentlemen on deck together in our middle watch. Away bowls the *Triton* towards the land. Captain Rhombus has come up to see how all goes on. Count Pearl has been talking pleasantly with his midshipman. *He*, bless you, has no pride in his mere rank; conceit of his person, yes; of his parts, plenty; of his rank, none. It is an advantage of this middle watch, on which I am philosophizing, that you learn your superior officer in it. *Mole* walks his watch, and you walk yours. You do your work, sir, I do mine. "Six knots, Mr. Mole;" "Make it six, Mr. Brown." *Mole* keeps to windward, you to leeward. *Mole* is wide awake all the four hours, and you had better be wide awake too. You stride to and fro, in parallel lines, and you no more amalgamate than the guns on each side. There is delicious moonlight; it reminds you of an adventure which you had, and which would be a

capital story. But if you were to tell *Mole* that it was "a fine night," you would frighten him. He would expect you to slap him on the back next, and think his authority gone for ever. Poor *Mole*! his *épaulettes* weigh him down, soul and all, like lead. *Mole* "walks his watch," in fact—

"His soul proud science never taught to stray."

If you were to tell him to "take wings of fancy," you would frighten him into fits. Do you think he would soar into the realms of imagination without leave from the commanding officer? Poor *Mole*! These are the fellows who retire for life on a lieutenant's half-pay, or sometimes, after marrying, take command of East-Indiamen, and are "attentive to the minutest wishes of the passengers," and have tea-services presented to them. Out of such stuff as goes to the manufacture of a *Mole*, you cannot make gallant men and cavaliers.

It is in the middle watch, then, that, when officers are on such terms as Rhombus and Pearl, the fact assumes its strangest and sternest shape. Captain Rhombus comes up the hatchway, in his great-coat, and asks Pearl a question in his gruffest voice; the Count answers—but, what provokes Rhombus, the Count's voice is polite, gentle, and easy. The Count's manner is always bland; he seems to say, "My good fellow, because you are a boor, shall I be a boor too?" He offers Rhombus a cup of coffee, which is sullenly declined; this he does to heap coals of fire on his head—as he will presently tell the midshipman of his watch, when Rhombus has gone below again. The Count is popular with youngsters; in this respect he has certainly the advantage of Captain Rhombus. The Captain harasses his youngsters, in the hope that by-and-by they will distinguish themselves, and be set down to his good account. He keeps them dragging at his heels with quadrants and sextants every day and many nights. It is the Captain's belief that the sun was set up in heaven for no other purpose than for him to bring his image down to the horizon, on his "lower limb," and to find out his "apparent altitude;" and nothing that was ever said about the moon by Shakespeare, Milton, or Shelley, will prevent Rhombus from fancying that it is her chief glory to furnish him with a lunar observation. *Jigger* (of the *Bustard*) was once sent to the *Triton*—"lent" from his own vessel. *Jigger* had disposed of his sextant at Malta to Boheeb, for twenty-five dollars, three dozen pairs of cotton-socks, and six bottles of eau-de-Cologne. Conceive his emotions when Rhombus asked him what was "the error of his instrument?" *Jigger* gaped. Its "error" was a tendency to get pawned, which had at last resulted in its

being sold. *His* position in the *Triton* was a pleasant one, we may be sure.

So Rhombus and Pearl are moving about in sight of one another, in the silent hours, and under the quiet stars. Rhombus looks up respectfully at "Polaris," who is useful to find the latitude by ! The Count walks his watch unheeding him, and I dare say Rhombus wishes he could try the Count by a court-martial. But the Count is a man who does his duty, and is not to be caught napping ; he can carry his share of the port, unharmed, every day, and never snoozes in his watch, thanks to the excellent coffee with which he provides himself. On "watch stock" I shall have a word to say presently ; meanwhile, I cannot refrain from saying that in the middle-watch coffee is of all things the most glorious. There is a charm in curaçao — a thrill of strength produced by cognac ; these attract but they betray — their charm vanishes, and they leave you sleepy. But in the inspiring fumes, the awakening heat, of the Arabian berry, the sailor, like the student (and I have been both), finds his best stimulus.

Away bowls the *Triton*, and our second vision disappears into the night.

We are on the deck of H. M. S. *Warrior* ; she is close hauled, and such a cold wind rushes along the lee-side of the quarter-deck ! There is a pretty good sea, and it is hard work at the wheel to-night, no doubt. Officers, I observe, have bad-weather hats on ; and the lieutenant (Furnace) has flaps down over his ears, covering them — large flaps, as you may suppose ! My business is not with Furnace, who is sulky, and pestering the quartermaster and man at the wheel in fine style (which is one way of keeping yourself awake, though I do n't recommend it), but with the two figures on the lee-side. They do n't walk together, I see. They are Charley Melon and Jack Roscoe ; they have the same watch, and they *don't speak*.

Four hours these gentlemen must perambulate in company — that is, on the same side of the deck ; but the soul of each gentleman keeps itself to itself, and will not communicate with its neighbor soul.

On shore — here in London, for example — you quarrel with Jack or Tom, and it does not much matter. If there is a party at Harry's, and Tom is going, you know it and stop away. You will scarcely meet in the streets once in three weeks, and it is easy to be perfectly unconscious that the soul of Tom in its bodily vesture is passing near you. But in a ship you must eat and drink with him, and sleep near him, whether you like it or no ; and if you are a stern gentleman, you are rather in a difficulty. There are, however, persons of good sturdy temperament who can manage a matter of this kind & *merveille*. The "coolness" may be about anything ; that kind of

coolness is attainable in any climate, and some Englishmen carry an atmosphere of it along with them. Charley Melon and Jack Roscoe — whose figures we see stalking along the deck of the *Warrior* — have been on these terms for a fortnight. To use the well-known phrase — they *don't pass the salt*. How many symbolic uses have been made of that useful condiment ! It has stood for wit, hospitality, for moral freshness ; and the use now treated of is significant enough. When Melon and Roscoe meet at dinner alone, as must sometimes happen when they are in the same watch, they are put to odd shifts. Without great care they would actually have to do each other kindly offices ; and it requires attention for them to avoid being polite. It puts a little extra work on the servants, who must save Melon from the pain of asking Roscoe for the French beans, and Roscoe from the worse pain of appearing to give in, by being the first to show an urbane attention. "No ; I can't give in — *first*," thinks each gentleman. Either would be glad it was over ; but neither will make the first advance. In a dozen things it is a bore. Melon would like a glass of sherry, but does not care to order a whole bottle ; if they were friendly they might go halves. But what so great a bore as our middle-watch under these circumstances ? They might be whiling away the dull hours in pleasant talk. Melon remembers many a good point about Roscoe ; Roscoe recollects capital anecdotes of Melon's, gathered by that gentleman when he was spending a legacy in London, before he joined the *Warrior*.

I am inclined to believe that the middle watch does kindly offices to both parties in a case like this. Its quiet — its isolation — its withdrawing you from the public life of the ship — these favor what is best in you. Myself a decidedly social person, and enjoying and appreciating the worth of human communion, I yet think occasional solitude beneficial in all ways. When one leaves London for a few months, and contemplates it from a distance, one attains a truer and deeper view of the events and persons moving there than one had when one was a part of them. In the middle-watch your nature, left quiet, settles. Anger, envy, etc., sink to the bottom like lees, and the general body of your being is clearer and purer. You may ridicule and abuse the offending Tom in conversation ; but when his image appears before your mental eye in these lonely times — along with your recollections of books, old days, and Annabel Parker — you are not angry with him. The peaceful moonlight, the peace-maker stars, the eternal and contented sea, say a good word for Tom. Will Melon to-morrow send a note in pencil to Roscoe by the mess-servant ? or will the coolness last till there is a grand dinner-party in the gun-room in harbor, and Melon sends a

servant round to Roscoe to ask him, "with Mr. Melon's compliments," to "take wine." Depend upon it, when Melon adopts either plan (after a little struggle), our old enemy the devil feels a chill through him to the very last joint of his tail! Let us leave the *Warrior*, hoping for the best.

Fitful glimpses of moonlight, shooting out occasionally as the clouds allow, reveal to us the *Rattler*, 16, a brig, lying to. Bulbous has the middle watch in her, with Sprott for his mid. The brig is in a sharp gale, and lies to under the shelter of a range of hills on the coast of ——. There is nothing to do, but go chop, chopping on all night; to huddle yourself up out of the wind as well as you can, and let the watch wear itself away till the gray light comes, and you have got relieved and got to your cabin or your hammock. Little Bulbous the Fat is not generally very friendly with Sprott. Nobody is very friendly in the *Rattler*, in fact. But to-night Bulbous cannot be very stern. He rubs his hands and says: "Anything going, Sprott; anything going?" Bulbous means: is there anything "going" what may properly be called the "way of all flesh" with him? Bulbous, indeed, wants to know how the midshipmen's mess are off for "watch-stock." Sprott goes below with a lantern to reconnoitre. The sausage of Bologna, her Majesty's pork, and ship's biscuit, Sprott reports. If the brig did not pitch so infernally, one might boil some coffee in the French machine; and Sprott does manage to boil it, though once, in a lurch, the blazing spirits of wine spread over the table like a sheet of fire. This danger the active Sprott suppressed and said nothing about, and Bulbous sipped the hot liquor with gusto. There is a jollity about Bulbous when he is feeding. At other times he is apt to be sulky and pompous. But if, as a midshipman, you have the middle watch with him, boil his coffee, mix his tumbler, and he will wink at your "forty winks," if you want a nap in the course of the dreary four hours. After all, the vessel is safe if there is one person looking out, as I dare say many a junior officer has reflected in the course of his experience.

To see a "watch-stock" of becoming elegance you must not, however, go to such a vessel as the poor, dirty little *Rattler*. In stately flag-ships and splendid frigates the "watch-stock" is an institution. I have heard that in the *Bellmont* they had a regular supper, and banqueted on game pies. In the important matter of the "watch-stock" your first care naturally is, that all is quiet in the captain's cabin. An impudent fellow did once, I believe, offer Sir Booby Booring a baked potato when that officer unexpectedly come on deck; but he was a lord, and I should not advise a commoner (unless he was a very rich man) to

emulate his example. Various plans have been devised to ensure one's knowing when the captain is astir, but little reliance (as I am informed by Jigger) can be placed on the best of them. "What can you do with a fellow who comes up in his shirt, sir?" (Jigger *log* again). Plainly, nothing! You must eat your preserved salmon or preserved grouse (both good things for the purpose) with a certain trepidation at best—

"And snatch a fearful joy."

But this very trepidation gives a piquancy to the feast. Yet why (you may if you are a landsman) suggest—why should not supper in the middle watch be openly tolerated? Why? —Why should not you walk the deck with your hands in your pockets? Why should not you whistle or smoke a cigar? Why, when the captain makes his appearance, does everybody look a little graver and more business-like, and feel somewhat less at his ease? The service demands it, sir. We must fence round "the service" with every protection of form and rule. We must protect "discipline" with every conceivable invention of ceremony, regulation, symbol, and superstition, or how is the service to be carried on? If every captain had to trust to nothing but his personal qualities for his respect, where would some gentlemen we know be? . . . But this kind of reflection is not suggested by the service only (where there is more *reality* left in customs than in most places) but by Europe generally. A vast machinery, in which nobody very heartily believes, is kept up in everything, partly for the old worth which it represents, but mainly because much that seems absurd in itself keeps down unknown possibilities of mischief which would result from change. Thus, though we laugh, for instance, here to-night (in H.M.S. *Bellmont*) at the notion of our all being terrified if Washy was to come up and find us having a little bit of pickled salmon—though out of such a little event as that, many a man's professional ruin has ultimately come—yet, what then? shall we turn things topsyturvy, and appoint a new Admiralty, in conjunction with a Provisional Government headed by Cuffey? No, no. We have our laugh at our little absurdities, but the man who laughs at them is not so dangerous as the serious blockhead who makes them worse by pretending that you ought not to laugh at them at all.

Does the reader see how, on so slight a thing as a cold supper, I have hung a disquisition on philosophical conservatisms? It shows what a copious theme is the middle watch; and I was not sorry to have an opportunity of putting myself right with a good-natured reader or two who might think, perhaps, from the pre-

sent writer's satiric jocosity, that he was a general foe to order, institutions, and discipline. When you titter at Gunne, Gunne thinks that the Crown is in danger. If you yawn at the sermons of Proser, he denounces you as an enemy to the Church. Yet all the while you are conscious of your fidelity to the reigning house, and much prefer the Church of England to the factories of Manchester. Let us listen for a moment to the chat which, in low but lively tones, goes on over the "watch-stock" of the *Bellmont* to-night. She happened to be at Malta—just at the time Mr. Bobbin was there, in the course of his tour through Europe—a tour in which Bobbin occupied himself in receiving puffery from shopkeepers, in abusing military and naval men, and in predicting a peaceful millennium of supply and demand. Our friends of the *Bellmont* are laughing at Bobbin (who visited the vessel in Dockyard Creek), at his squat figure, his pert talk, and his vulgar manners. Perhaps he does not know that he is pretty generally laughed at! By this time (October, 1854) Bobbin and Co. ought to be able to estimate their hold on the mind of England. When a good, sturdy row in favor of abundant prog is going on, who so great as Bobbin and Co.? But you might as well try and ring on a factory-bell the chimes of an ancient church peal of bells as expect men, who never appealed to anything but the *stomach* of a nation, to be able to touch its *heart*! That once moved in a cause, Bobbin and Co. become nobodies again. At the whistle of a fife, away vanishes all memory of their dreary rhetoric out of everybody's mind. A dozen GENTLEMEN, in and out of uniform, put themselves at the head of the country, and the enlightened Bobbin and Co. vanish to the rear, bagmen, baggage, sumpter-horses, reformers, and donkeys, all together!

Something of what I have here expressed—the *sentiment* of it, at all events—is the staple of the talk in the *Bellmont* as long as Bobbin is the subject. The middle watch, indeed, is the time for conversation on board ship.—When all the rest of the vessel are hushed in slumber—when the men of your watch are huddled up in the waist asleep, distinguishable only as heaps—why, then those who are awake are drawn together in heart as perhaps they are at no other time; then men escape a little out of the semi-cynical, semi-humorous veils which, in these times, we all wear; then they confide to each other their ambitions, their secret and darling schemes, and their love affairs. Friendships are cemented during these quiet four hours. Damon walks about with Pythias, and they talk about Lalage and Pyrrha. If you want to win a man's heart on board ship, come up and walk part of his

watch with him; human politeness can no further go.

Hitherto I have been tacitly assuming that your middle watch passes off quietly—that you have little to do but heave the log hourly, and get through the time. You must take your chance of this, of course; and of course there is many a middle watch to be passed in which sails will be trimmed, and reefs taken in, and in which you will have to run to and fro, like a perturbed spirit. The time will pass away more quickly on such occasions. But it will not pass away very agreeably if you are a mate or midshipman in Rancour's watch. A vision sails before me of a middle watch in the *Islander*, of which Lieutenant Rancour has charge. Rancour is one of those fidgety mortals, sleepless, and unappeasable, and restless as the sea whereon he passes his life. The Islanders call him "the weasel;" he is, indeed, a painfully lively man—every fibre of him quick with life. A fine calm night with a steady wind irritates him; he moves fretfully to and fro—a human petrel whose presence suggests storm. The men know at once when Rancour has the watch, and sorrowfully mention the fact to each other as it begins. Caulking on the part of youngsters is impossible under his rule; indeed it is his great pleasure to prevent it. "Mr. Brown!" "Yes, sir." "Mr. Roper!" "Yes, sir." If he misses either figure for a moment, such is his cry. Walk they must; and Brown, I observe, somnambulizes, and knocks his shins against the carronade slides.

But worse remains behind. Rancour has a detestable way of carrying on duty. He is one of those plagues of fellows who snarl at you all the time work is going on—who rush forward, bark, barking about the hands at work like a shepherd's dog. "Watch, trim sails!" The pipe sounds; up jump the black figures in the waists, and in a minute the upper deck of the *Islander* is all alive. "Weather braces!" "Mr. Brown, run forward and attend." "How's the foretopsail-yard?"—"Mr. Brown!" "Forecastle there, where's Mr. Brown?"

Brown is as busy as a bee. He is urging on his men, backed by the boatswain's mate. Yards are swinging, sails fluttering. He answers briskly with his "Sir!" and he gives the proper orders; and, indeed, all is going on perfectly well. But, unhappily, motion makes Rancour froth, and he gets in a rage whether things go on well or ill; he foams like a penny bottle of ginger beer. "Forecastle, there! Mr. Brown!" "Lee fore brace!" Where the devil are you, sir?" The men get confused; Brown, if he is a timid fellow of mild nature, loses his self-possession, and things get into a mess. Meantime this gadfly of a lieu-

tenant has maddened the man at the wheel, who loses his head too; the ship gets up in the wind, and is taken aback. Rancour now is in a kind of fit, and the *Islander* is going astern with a rush and a gurgle. "Main-clew garnets!". The main-sail is clewed up, and after yards squared, and the *Islander* must "pay off"—probably she describes a sweeping circle, and twenty minutes are lost before she is in her proper course again with the sails trimmed. All this has happened because Rancour is a too volatile, fidgetty individual, without that calm which is the basis of all real superiority of character.

But froth and venom go together, in men, as in other creatures, sometimes. The same nature which makes Rancour foam, inevitably makes him spatter you with it. He has been roaring all this time at Brown, and when a man roars, he is not particular what he roars. Now comes the query—what kind of a man is Brown? An angel might possibly be indifferent to being scolded in the style of Billingsgate: but such gentleness is rare. Somehow there is too much fire in most English blood to permit one to play the part of the donkey in Sterne, who says, "you may cudgel me if you like." Brown retorts, Rancour complains of his insubordination; hence come courts of inquiry, courts-martial, and all the train of woes. The truth is, a man like Rancour is not safe; he has to be managed like a dangerous animal. . . To-night what think you he will do? He is irritated by our acquaintance, Brown; when four o'clock comes, he will ask the lieutenant who relieves him to keep Brown on deck for the morning-watch. So Brown is to have eight hours on deck at a spell. Such is Rancour's intention. But the lieutenant of the morning watch is "Goosey" Sparrow, and he lets Brown go below at five. Brown thus gets an hour and a half's snooze before "lash up hammocks" time, when he will have to come up and see the starboard-waist hammocks stowed under the vigilant eye of a commander, who is as fresh as a lark "after all night in."

Poor dear "Goosey" Sparrow! Different, indeed, is a middle watch with thee!—Why is it that in this world (which is not such a very clever world, after all) people delight in making out every very good-natured fellow to be a goose? Why *will* people have it, that the milk of human kindness, like London milk, is adulterated with calve's brains? * There is a zest in so doing, enjoyed by many—not so much because they love cleverness as because they are jealous of goodness; for the same man who delights to think a philanthropist a booby, will be found to delight in calling a wit

* I inserted this joke in *Punch's Pocket Book* some years since, which I mention, lest I should be thought to be stealing somebody else's property, when I am only using my own.—J. H.

a scamp. Such is the nature of the "malignant vulgar," who, though (thank God) they don't make up the mass of the world, have, in our age, a great deal too much to do with the government of it.

I was saying that "Goosey" Sparrow's middle watch would have been pleasanter to have to keep than that of Rancour. He would have "fraternized" with his midshipmen like an elder brother. He is but a very indifferent sailor, yet he would not have brought the ship into such a scrape as Rancour did. If Brown had taken a nap in the gangway, "Goosey" would not have made a fuss about it. He never complained of a man in his life, and I am confident would not know how to make up his face for the occasion. In his middle watch a cheerful ease pervades the deck. As the old *Islander* bowls along, a man or two sing, among the groups in the waist, old stories of love, or war, or storm, or drink. "Goosey" sits and chats with his midshipmen over a drop of something good. Like other fellows of his stamp, "Goosey" delights in talking about his domesticities, and is only too happy to communicate to you all about his private affairs. He opens his heart freely on all such topics, and never seems to suspect that the world in which he moves has a story of its own about his history. The said world tells a long yarn about "Goosey's" foolish marriage and want of common prudence; "Goosey" considers himself a happy and prosperous fellow. Surely "Goosey" is the best judge. But no; the *vulgar* mentioned above insist that "Goosey" ought to be the most miserable of men, for manifold reasons known to Toadley and Co. With these we have nothing to do just now. The middle watch is our business, and in the middle watch of "Goosey" Sparrow, if you hear him pour out his good-natured, credulous remarks about himself and people generally, you contract a kindness for him, and a respect for him, which a good deal of pleasantry from sharper gentlemen ought not to be able to efface from your mind.

The middle watch, then, may be said (not altogether fancifully) to be the *heart* of the four-and-twenty hours of sea life. In it we have an image, too, of all life, if we choose to study and consider it. For, in its course, we pass through the alternations of liveliness and weariness, of work and leisure, of thought and conversation, which divide our life as light and darkness divide our time. What is the life of a contented spirit but a Mediterranean summer's middle watch, wearing itself away, from hour to hour, in occupation, meditation, and expectancy, till the end approaches?—the sunlight breaks gradual and radiant from the mysterious world beneath our sea, and the conclusion of our time brings us at once to rest and day.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF SWIFT,
ADDRESSED TO THE PUBLISHER OF GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

MR. MOTTE is noticed in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes as an eminent bookseller opposite St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street, and as publisher to Swift and Pope. He was the successor of Mr. Benjamin Tooke; and, dying March 12, 1758, was followed in his business by Mr. Charles Bathurst, who published the first collected edition of Swift's Works, edited by Dr. Hawkesworth, in sixteen volumes, 1768.

One evening, after dark, in the autumn of 1726, the manuscript copy of the Travels of Lemuel Gulliver was left by a stranger at Mr. Motte's door. At the beginning of November the book was published, and almost immediately it was in the hands of all who then indulged in the luxury of reading.

Though it appeared anonymously, the world was not slow to guess its authorship; and Swift's literary friends in England, whom he had recently visited, hastened to congratulate him on its success. The letters of Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gray, written upon this occasion, are all preserved, and are given in the various editions of Swift's Works. They all, more or less, humored his passion for playing the *incognito*; but Sir Walter Scott has shown that the progress of the work had been known to them for many months before.

Dr. Arbuthnot, having recently published "Tables of Ancient Coins," to which Swift had subscribed for some copies, wrote to him on the 8th Nov. 1726, saying that his book had been printed above a month, but he had not yet got his subscribers' names. "I will make over all my profits to you for the property of Gulliver's Travels; which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that, at his age, can write such a merry book." He afterwards relates that when he last saw the Princess of Wales, "she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince,* which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the least brilliant.† Lewis‡ grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the Key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barneveldt in time." This alludes to one Esdras Barneveldt, apothecary,

* The prince was represented in the satire as walking with one high and one low heel, in allusion to the Prince of Wales's supposed vacillation between the Whigs and Tories.

† "Because (remarks Warburton) he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society." This was in the Voyage to Laputa.

‡ Erasmus Lewis.

cary, who had published a Key to Pope's Rape of the Lock.

From these expressions it appears that Arbuthnot was well aware of the authorship of Gulliver. So was Pope also: * but eight days later than the above, the poet of Twickenham chose to write to Swift as if he merely suspected it—perhaps, as Sir Walter Scott suggests, because letters were then not always inviolate at the post-office.

I congratulate you first (writes Pope) upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book,† which is *publicè trita manus* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some of our statesmen is delightful. I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I have never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry with that book. Some, indeed, think it rather too bold, and too general a satire; but none that I hear of accuse it of particular reflections, (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them,) so that you needed not to have been so secret on this head.

Motte received the copy (he tells me), he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach—By computing the time I found it was after you left England; so for my part, I suspend my judgment.

It was on the next day that Gay wrote to Swift, and he, even more than Pope, affected to humor the mystery in which the authorship of the book was shrouded:—

About ten days ago a book was published here of the travels of one Gulliver, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since; the whole impression sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the author; but I am told the bookseller declares he knows not from whose hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read; from the cabinet council to the nursery. You may see by this that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disengaged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giv-

* So long before as the 29th Sept., 1725, Swift had written to Pope that he was transcribing his Travels "in four parts complete, newly augmented and intended for the press, when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears."

† Gulliver's Travels were supposed to be introduced to the world by his cousin Richard Sympson

ing us the least hint of it. Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not reached Ireland; if it have not, I believe what I have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

Though not in direct communication with the publisher, Swift had certainly seen a printed copy of the book before Gay's letter arrived. On the same day that it was written he had replied to a letter from Mrs. Howard, in which that lady had intimated to him how fully she entered into the spirit of the fiction. He told her that when he first received her letter he thought it the most unaccountable one he had ever seen in his life, and that he had continued for four days at a loss for her meaning, "till a bookseller sent me the Travels of one Captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer, although at the same time I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of seven hundred pages to understand a letter of fifty lines." He also acknowledged Pope's letter on the same day, and concludes by saying, "Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend I could desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly."

And this brings us to the business more immediately before us. We are favored by Arthur Preston, esq. of Norwich, with copies of five letters which have accidentally come into his possession, all of which were addressed to Benjamin Motte, the publisher of Gulliver's Travels, four of them avowedly by Swift, and the other either by him, or at his suggestion. This is the first in order of date, and the handwriting very nearly resembles the rest. However, that circumstance may be deceptive. Charles Ford, esquire, of Wood Park, near Dublin,* from whom it professes to come, and with whose coat of arms it is sealed, was an intimate friend of Swift, and Sir Walter Scott tells us,† though it does not appear upon what authority, that it was this very gentleman who had managed the delivery of the manuscript in Fleet Street.—Whether that was the case or not, we find a recognition of the communication which we are now about to present to our readers in the note appended to the "Letter from Captain Gulliver to his Cousin Sympson, written in

the year 1727," the intention of which was to make a public remonstrance against the alterations which, through the timidity of the publisher, had been made in the author's manuscript. It is there stated that, "the Dean having restored the text wherever it had been altered, sent the copy to the late Mr. Motte by the hands of Mr. Charles Ford."* What was actually sent on that occasion was the very letter now before us, which contains notes of all the misprints which Swift had observed in reading over the printed copy which he had received; and in addition the more important expression of his displeasure in relation to several passages in which his original sentiments had been perverted, modified, or suppressed. In the public letter above mentioned he said:—

I do not remember that I gave you (the imaginary Cousin Sympson) power to consent that anything should be omitted, and much less that anything should be inserted; therefore as to the latter, I do here renounce everything of that kind; particularly a paragraph about her Majesty Queen Anne of most pious and glorious memory; although I did reverence and esteem her more than any of human species. But you, or your interpolator, ought to have considered, that as it was not my inclination, so was it not decent to praise any animal of our composition before my master Houyhnhnm; and besides, the fact was altogether false; for to my knowledge, being in England during some part of Her Majesty's reign, she did govern by a chief minister; nay, even by two successively, the first whereof was the Lord of Godolphin, and the second the Lord of Oxford; so that you have made me say the thing that was not. Likewise in the account of the Academy of Projectors, and several passages of my discourse to my master Houyhnhnm, you have either omitted some material circumstances, or misused and changed them in such a manner, that I do hardly know mine own work. When I formerly hinted to you something of this in a letter, you were pleased to answer, that you were afraid of giving offence;—that people in power were very watchful over the press, and apt not only to interpret, but to punish everything which looked like *inuendo* (as I think you call it)."

To that effect, no doubt, was the reply to the letter to which we now proceed: but, before so doing, we must express our suspicion that none of the Editors of Swift should have thought it worth while to look for the passage upon Queen Anne, of which Swift expressed so decided a disapprobation. We have been enabled to detect it by the subsequent list of Errata, in which it is termed "false and silly, infallibly not (by) the same author." It had evidently been inserted under dread of a government prosecution. It occurs in Chapter

* Among Swift's poems is one entitled "Stella at Wood Park," written in 1723.

† Life, in Swift's Works, edit. 1824, vol. i. p. 225, note. Mr. Ford had previously, in 1704, performed a similar service in secretly conveying to Barber the printer Swift's "Free Thoughts on the State of Public Affairs."

* Swift's Works, edit. 1768, ii. 22.

VI. of the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms, which was headed : “*A Continuation of the State of England, so well governed by a Queen as to need no first Minister;*” but which in subsequent editions was altered to, “*A Continuation of the State of England under Queen Anne.*” We transcribe from the edition of 1726 the whole of the interpolated passage :

I told him that our She Governor, or Queen having no Ambition to gratify, no Inclination to satisfy of extending her Power to the Injury of her Neighbors or the Prejudice of her own Subjects, was therefore so far from needing a corrupt Ministry to carry on or cover any sinister Designs, that She not only directs her own Actions to the Good of her People, conducts them by the Direction, and restrains them within the Limitations of the Laws of her own Country ; — but submits the Behavior and Acts of those She intrusts with the Administration of Her Affairs to the Examination of Her great Council, and subjects them to the Penalties of the Law ; — and therefore never puts any such Confidence in any of her Subjects as to entrust them with the whole and entire Administration of her Affairs ; But I added, that in some former Reigns here, and in many other Courts of Europe now, where Princes grew indolent and careless of their own Affairs through constant Love and Pursuit of Pleasure, they made use of such an Administrator, as I have mentioned, under the Title of *first or chief Minister of State*, the Description of which, as far as it may be collected not only from their Actions, but from the Letters, Memoirs, and Writings published by themselves, the truth of which has not yet been disputed, may be allowed to be as follows : That he is a person wholly exempt from joy and Grief (etc, as in Sir Walter Scott’s edition, 1824, xi. 325).

And now we have no occasion to detain the reader longer from what may be considered the Dean’s own examination of the book as originally printed :—

Dublin, Jan. 3, 1726.

Sir,—I bought here Capt. Gulliver’s Travels publish’d by you, both because I heard much talk of it, and because of a Rumor that a Friend of mine is suspected to be the Author. I have read this Book twice over with great Care, as well as great Pleasure, and am sorry to tell you it abounds with many gross errors of the Press, whereof I have sent you as many as I could find, with the Corrections of them as the plain sense must lead, and I hope you will insert them if you make another Edition.

I have an entire respect for the Memory of the late Queen, and am always pleas’d when others shew the same ; but that Paragraph relating to her looks so very much beside the Purpose that I cannot think it to have been written by the same Author. I wish you and your Friends would consider it, and let it be left out in the next Edition. For it is plainly false in Fact, since all the World knows that the Queen during her

whole Reign governed by one first Minister or other. Neither do I find the Author to be any where given to Flattery, or indeed very favorable to any Prince or Minister whatsoever.

These things I let you know out of perfect good will to the Author and yourself, and I hope you will so understand me, who am, Sir, your affectionate Friend and Servant,

CHA. FORD.

To

Mr. Benjamin Motte, Bookseller,
Near the Temple, in

London.

Seal, Three lions rampant (the arms of Ford); Crest, a demi-lion ; Motto, Noli irritare.

Errata.

Part 1, Page 22, Use should be Uses ; P. 36, of his Council ; 79, arrived to for arrived at ; 80, bold for boldest ; 144, pledges I had left ; 145, Lilliput for Blefuscu.

Part 2, P. 9. However I made a shift ; 30, toward for forward ; 47, her Majesty perhaps ; 48, Dominions and had ; 98, least his Honor for least his Courage ; 108, Praise for Praises ; 111, all Questions for several Questions ; 120, were ennobled, were advanced for are ennobled, are advanced ; 133, the inclemencies ; *ib.* Species of Man for Species of Men ; 140, *not directly over, the sense is imperfect* ; * 156, his own Presence for his Prese-
n-
ce ; 161, necessary for me while.

Part 3, P. 31. Spirits for Sprites ; 34, Wo-
menkind for Womankind ; 42, Goodness. *For this advantage, the sense imperfect* ; *ib.* the Dis-
coveries for their Discoveries ; 44, Death for Dearth ; 49, Abode here for Abode there ; 59, Act for art [1] ; 71, write both for write Books ; 73, or the Square for as the Square ; 74, in the Book for in Books ; 77, Saddles for Sacks ; 78, the Ambassadors for their Ambassadors ; 83, Method of Cure for Methods of Cure ; 85, dis-
pose of them for dispose them ; 87, Persons for Person’s ; 89, To take a strict View. P. 90, to the end of the Chapter, seems to have much of the Author’s manner of thinking, but in many places wants his spirit. P. 94, was a part for is a part ; 101, in the Room for into the Room ; *ib.* Assembly of somewhat a latter Age, this must have been altered, for the word Assembly follows imme-
diately after. § 102, Ancestors for Ancestor ; 110, Faction for Factions ; 119, Apr. 1711 for Apr. 1709 ; 119, A Passage for the Passage ; 121, had never heard ; 133, Languages, Fashions, Dress, for Language, Fashions of Dress ; 134, Choice for choice ; 137, these Kingdoms for those King-
doms ; 138, eldest for oldest ; 140, They were too few ; 141, come for comes to be fourscore ; 142, continuing for continue ; *ib.* forgot for forget ; 144, brought to me ; *ib.* sort of People for sorts of People ; 152, conver for convey ; 154,

* Scored under.

† A paragraph had been omitted, which was supplied in the following edition.

‡ Scored under. The passages, which alluded to the trial of Atterbury, were afterwards restored : see Scott’s edition, 1824, xi. 242.

§ Scored under. The words, “*an Assembly of somewhat of a latter Age*,” were restored to “*a modern Representative*.”

performed for performed ; *ib.* arrived safe to for arrived safe at.

Part 4, P. 8, sharp points, and hooked ; *ib.* P. 8, long lank Hair on their Faces, nor, etc. This Passage puzzled me for some time : it should be long lank Hair on their Heads, but none on their Faces, nor ; 17, before them for before him ; 31, fare for fared ; 42, secret of my having ; 49, Oats, when for Oats, where ; 50, treasted for treated, old for sold, ill for till ; 51, meanest Servant for weakest Servant ; *ib.* rouling for rolling ; 53, Office for offices ; 54, one of my Forefeet ; 56, Trade it is ; *ib.* called a Queen ; 60, Points of which for Points which ; 65, For those Reasons for For these Reasons ; *ib.* likewise another Kind for likewise a Kind ; 67, Sea-fights—is there no mention of Land fights ? 68, my Hoof for his Hoof. P. 69, towards the end, etc. manifestly most barbarously corrupted, full of Flatnesses, Cant Words, and Softenings unworthy the Dignity, Spirit, Candor, and Frankness of the Author. By that admirable Instance of the Cow it is plain the Satyr is designed against the Profession in general and not only against Attorneys or, as they are there smartly stily'd, Pettifoggers. You ought in Justice to restore those twelve pages to the true Reading.* P. 85, and conveniences for

* A pen has been drawn through this passage, but the author's request was afterwards fulfilled, the principal apologetic passages to which Swift objected were as follows : "I said that those who make profession of this Science were exceedingly multiplied, being almost equal to the Caterpillars in Number; that they were of diverse Degrees, Distinctions and Denominations. The numerousness of those that dedicated themselves to the Profession were (*sic*) such that the fair and justifiable Advantage and Income of the Profession was (*sic*) not sufficient for the decent and handsome Maintenance of Multitudes of those who followed it. Hence it came to pass that it was found needful to supply that by Artifice and Cunning, which could not be procured by just and honest Methods: The better to bring which about, very many Men among us were [bred up from their Youth in the Art of proving by Words multiplied for the Purpose that *White* is *Black*, and *Black* is *White*, according as they are paid.] The Greatness of these Mens Assurance and the Boldness of their Pretensions gained upon the Opinion of the Vulgar, whom in a manner they made Slaves of, [*This was a distortion of Swift's more nervous declaration*, To this Society all the rest of the people are slaves,] and got into their Hands much the largest Share of the Practice of their Profession. These Practitioners were by Men of Discernment called *Pettifoggers*, (that is, *Confounders*, or rather *Destroyers of Right*,) as it was my ill hap as well as the Misfortune of my suffering Acquaintance to be engaged only with this Species of the Profession. I desired his Honour to understand the Description I had to give, and the Ruin I had complained of to relate to these Sectaries only, and how, and by what means the Misfortunes we met with were brought upon us by the Management of these Men, might be more easily conceived by explaining to him their Method of Proceeding, which could not be better down (*sic*) than by giving him an Example.

" My Neighbor, said I, I will suppose, has a mind to my *One*, he hires one of these Advocates to prove," etc.

- Now, the only portion of this that was genuine was that we have indicated by [].

or conveniences ; 86, operated contrary ; *ib.* the one ; 88, It must be inferior posterior to answer to anterior superior. *Part of p. 90 and 91 false and silly, infallibly not the same Author* ; 93, at last by an *Act of Indemnity, abrupt.** P. 97, a great man. Nonsense, the Author is not talking of Great Men, but of Men highly born. I believe it should be of a *Noble Birth, or rather marks of Noble Blood*†. I take this Page to be likewise corrupted, from some low Expressions in it. P. 99, enlightened for enlarged ; 109, produced in them the same effects ; *ib.* taken myself, it should be. This I have since often known to have been taken with success ; 112, with the Females as fiercely ; 113, upon the last Article ; *ib.* nor could the Servants for nor did the Servants, could follows ; 121, Scratch about for Search about ; 127, before him one ; 130, hard, and stony for hard stony ; 130, were immediately for are immediately ; 133, Ooze or for Oooze and ; 134, old ones for elder ; 138, Memory for Memories ; 141, several covered for certain covered ; 144, cut their for cuts their ; 145, Room to be made for me ; 146, Of these I made for Of these I also made ; 147, Splenatics for Splenatics ; 149, for the Thoughts r. their Thoughts, and for their Discourse r. the Discourse ; 152, my Friends, and my Countrymen for my Friends, my Countrymen ; 157, an unnatural ; 182, became for had become ; 186, temptations for Temptation ; 192, in some modern for in modern ; *ib.* Discovery for Discoverys ; 194, a Desire for any Desire ; 195, may concern for more concerns.

About a twelvemonth after the first appearance of Gulliver, it appears to have occurred to Mr. Motte that, although the book had already enjoyed a large sale, it might be still further promoted if it were illustrated by "cuts." Before this time Swift had fully acknowledged the authorship, and he replied to Mr. Motte in the following long and very interesting letter :

Dublin, Dec. 28th, 1727.

Sir,—I had yours of the 16th from Mr. Hyde, and desire that henceforth you will write directly to me, without scrupling to load me with the postage. My Head is so confused with the return of my deafness, to a very great degree (which left me after a fortnight and then returned with more violence), that I am in an ill way to answer a Letter which requires some thinking. As to having Cuts in Gulliver's travells, you will consider how much it will raise the price of the Book : The world glutted it self with that book at first, and now it will go off but soberly, but I suppose will not be soon worn out.

* Erased. In the next edition it was altered to "an expedient called an *Act of Indemnity*."

† Scored under. In this place the words "no uncommon marks of a Great Man" were altered in subsequent editions into "the true marks of noble blood."

‡ My bookseller, Mr. Motte, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. Hyde ; letter of Swift dated in Jan. 1728-9, when Hyde was recently dead. "He was an eminent bookseller of Dublin, of fair

The part of the little men will bear cuts much better than that of the great. I have not the book by me, but will speak by memory : — Gulliver in his Carriage to the Metropolis. His extinguishing the fire. The Ladys in their coaches driving about his Table. His rising up out of his Carriage when he is fastened to his house. His drawing the Fleet. The troop upon his Handkerchief. The Army marching between his Legs. His Hat drawn by 8 horses. Some of these seem the fittest to be represented, and perhaps two adventures may be sometimes put in one Print. It is difficult to do anything in the great men, because Gulliver makes so diminutive a figure, and he is but one in the whole Kingdom. Among some Cuts I bought in London, he is shown taken out of the Bowl of Cream, but the hand that holds him hides the whole body. He would appear best wedged in the marrow bone up to the middle, or in the Monkey's arms upon the roof, or left upon the ridge and the footman on the ladder going to relieve him, or fighting with the Rats on the farmer's bed, or in the Spaniel's mouth, which being described as a small dog, he might look as large as a Duck in one of ours. One of the best would I think be to see his Chest just falling into the Sea, while three Eagles are quarrelling with one another. Or the Monkey halting him out of his box. Mr. Wotton, the Painter,* who draws Landscapes and Horses, told Mr. Pope and me that the Gravers did wrong in not making the big folks have something (*torn*) and enormous in their shapes, for as drawn by those gravers they look only like common human creatures. Gulliver, being alone and so little, cannot make the contrast appear. The Flying Island might be drawn at large, as described in the Book, and Gulliver drawing up into it, and some fellows with Flappers. I know not what to do with the Projectors, nor what figure the Island of Ghosts would make, or any passages related in it, because I do not well remember it. The Country of Horses I think would furnish many. Gulliver brought to be compared with the Yahoo. The family at dinner and he waiting. The Grand Council of Horses assembled sitting, and one of them with a hoof extended as if he were speaking. The She-Yahoo embracing Gulliver in the River, who turns away his head in disgust. The Yahoos get into a Tree to infect him under it. The Yahoos drawing Carriages and driven by a Horse with a whip in his hoof. I can think of no more ; But Mr. Gay will advise you and carry you to Mr. Wotton, and some other skilful people.†

good character." (Notes in Scott's Swift, xvii. 223.)

* John Wotton, ob. 1765.

† It would be curious to see how far Swift's own suggestions for illustrations were followed, which we have not present means for ascertaining; nor do we know when the first illustrated edition was published. No doubt nearly all the subjects his names have been drawn over and over again: and few incidents, it may be supposed, are left without their pictorial representation in the French edition, illustrated with more than 400 wood-engravings from designs by Granville, of which an English impression was edited by the late W. C. Taylor LL.D.

As to the poetical volumes of Miscellany I believe five parts in six at least are mine. Our two friends,* you know, have printed their works already, and we could expect nothing but slight loose papers. There is all the Poetry I ever wrote worth printing. Mr. Pope rejected some I sent him, for I desired him to be severe as possible; and I will take his judgement. He writ to me that he intended a pleasant discourse on the subject of Poetry should be printed before the Volume, and says that discourse is ready.† (*The bottom of the letter has here been cut off; overleaf are these lines.*) . . . not have let me suffer for my modesty, when I expected he would have done better. Others are more prudent and cannot be blamed. I am as weary with writing as I fear you will be with reading. I am yr. &c.
(*The signature has been cut off.*)

Mr. Benjamin Motte.

Bookseller, at the Middle
Temple gate in Fleet Street,
London.

The next letter refers to the same volume of "Miscellanies."

Dublin, Feb. 1727-8.

SIR,—Mr. Jackson, who gives you this, goes to London upon some Business; he is a perfect stranger, and will have need of those good Offices that Strangers want; he is an honest, worthy Clergyman, and friend of mine, † I therefore desire you will give him what assistance and information you can.

I have been looking over my Papers to see if anything could be [found] fit to add to that

The original edition of 1726 had a frontispiece portrait of "Captain Lemuel Gulliver, of Redriff.—atxt. sue 28." *Sturt e. Sheppard &c.* (Half-length, three-quarters face.) Qu. is anything known of the history of this plate? was it engraved on purpose for the book? or was it a real portrait converted to the bookseller's purpose? The volume has also six other plates, five of (imaginary) maps, and the sixth of the frame containing the vocabulary of Laputa.

* Pope and Gay. Sir Walter Scott (1824, i. 347) speaks of "the cypher of the two friends, meaning Pope and Swift, which is engraved on the title-pages of the several volumes of the Miscellany. The cyphers of that day are now somewhat difficult to decipher." In that in question we can make out J. S. and also A. P., but the P. is a very indifferent one. The letter G. is much more evident, and we may therefore conclude that we ought also to read J. G. for John Gay.

† "ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ: or, Martinus Scriblerus his Treatise of the Art of Sinking in Poetry."—This forms 94 pages, or the whole prose portion of the volume of Miscellanies published by B. Motte in 1727: and the book is made up with 314 pages of poetry.

‡ No doubt the Rev. John Jackson, Vicar of Santry, whose name is frequently mentioned in Swift's correspondence. The Dean made several unsuccessful attempts to obtain additional preferment for him; and left him in his will all his horses and horse-furniture.

§ The letter having been rendered imperfect by injury, the lacunae are supplied from the sense of the context.

volume, but great numbers of my [pieces have been so mislaid] by certain Accidents, that I can [only furnish those which are] here inclosed, two of which Mr. Pope already [has rejected,*] because they were translations, which indeed they are not, and therefore I suppose he did not approve them; and in such a case I would by no means have them printed; because that would be a trick fitter for those who have no regard but to profit.

I wrote to you a long letter some time ago, wherein I fairly told you how that affair stood, and likewise gave you my opinion as well as I was able, and as you desired, with relation to Gulliver.

I have been these ten weeks confined by my

* The first "Miscellany" appeared in 1709.—Others followed in 1713 (second edition published by John Morphew); in 1727, called in its title "The Last Volume," published by Benjamin Motte; in 1732 "The Third Volume," published by Benjamin Motte and Lawton Gilliver; and in 1735, "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse. Volume the Fifth. Which, with the other Volumes already published in England, completes this Author's Works. Charles Davis." There were probably other editions.

old disorders of Deafness and giddiness by two or three relapses, though I have got a remedy which cured me twice, but obliges me to avoyd all cold. If I have any confirmed health, I may probably be in London by the end of Summer, when I shall settle matters relating to those Papers that I have formerly spoke to you about, and some of which you have seen.

I hope you (*the paper decayed*) my service to Mr. and ().

Your very humble Servt.

J. S.

I send you likewise a little trifle for a prose volume, which Ben* printed, but you could not find a copy.

The inclosed verses must be shewn to Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, and not published without their approbation.

The two other letters will be given in our next Magazine.

* Perhaps Benjamin Tooke: or possibly Benjamin Motte himself, for this letter is not directed, though found with the others addressed to that bookseller.

COPY-RIGHT BOOKS.

TO THE ATHENÆUM.—*The Hermitage*, Jan. 8.

You have been very properly drawing the public attention to the introduction of American reprints of English books into our Colonies. In your first notice you mentioned the new law at the Cape legalizing their introduction there, and observed, that this example would be, no doubt, speedily followed by Canada, the West Indies, and Australia. Since then, Mr. William Chambers has pointed out to you the general diffusion of such reprints in Canada,—and it is only due to the public that it should be informed of what is the state of this question in Australia. Australia has not waited to imitate the Cape, but has led the way, and has probably greatly influenced it by its example. Everywhere that I have been, in Victoria, New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, American reprints abound. I have never seen or heard of any attempt on the part of Custom-House officers to prevent their introduction. No revenue officer ever asked me, at any port, to show my luggage; and I have seen scores of Americans come in and pass with the same im-

punity. In fact, all these Colonies consider it their interest to admit freely as many cheap books as possible; and when inclined to wink, who or what shall make them open their eyes? But they have gone further in Victoria. In May last, the leading journals at Melbourne openly and energetically advocated the free admission of such reprints, and declared that the sooner the law was utterly ignored the better; and as soon as the New Constitution is in force, they will do it. It is not to be supposed that the practice at the Cape began with the enactment of the new law; nor is it likely that any law in any of our Colonies will in any degree prevent the freest and fullest circulation of such editions, simply because they think it their interest to have them, and will shut their eyes steadfastly to their introduction. The only way to secure the just rights of English authors lies in the attainment of International Copy-right with America; thus destroying the evil at its source: and then the more reprints there, the merrier.

Yours, very truly,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

